This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

**Usage guidelines**

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

**About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 06826263 7

T-1

No sample

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY.

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

Bloodse

*Major General Andrew Burn R. H.*

*London. Pub. by Winchester & Son Strand. 1 June 1815.*

# MEMOIRS

OF

THE LIFE OF THE LATE

## Major-General Andrew Burn,

OF THE

ROYAL MARINES;

*COLLECTED FROM HIS JOURNALS:*

WITH

## COPIOUS EXTRACTS

FROM HIS

*Principal Works on Religious Subjects.*

VOL. I.

London:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY

MESSRS. W. WINCHESTER AND SON, 61, STRAND.

1815.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
161356
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1899.

# PREFACE.

IT will naturally be expected that we, who have recommended the publication of the following sheets, should precede them by some account of the motives by which we have been actuated, as well as by a sketch of our own views of the character of the revered friend whose Memoirs are now laid before the world. Pursuant to this probable expectation, a few prefatory observations are here given.

We had long known that our excellent friend was in the habit of keeping a diary, in which he recorded the principal occurrences of his life, and sedulously traced his religious progress. But we had no idea, till after his death, to what extent his

written meditations had been carried; nor did we know explicitly, that more was intended by keeping such a journal, than to furnish assistance to himself in his habitual practice of self-examination, or perhaps to promote the religious progress of his children, by enabling them to trace the long and diversified course of their venerable parent. On being requested by his amiable family to examine the manuscripts which he had left, we found that they were very methodical, and extended to at least two thousand pages: that they comprehended ample materials for sketching Memoirs of his Life both as an Officer and as a Christian: that it had long been his intention that such Memoirs should be published for the benefit of his family after his decease; and that he had actually, subsequent to his retirement from the duties of Commandant at Woolwich, thrown a considerable portion of the earlier events of his life into the narrative form.

What was thus prepared for the press by himself, will be found (with a few verbal alterations) in the first one hundred and sixty pages of the first

volume. It is written with so much of the author's characteristic simplicity, and is so replete with interesting incident and instructive observation, that we cannot but deeply regret that his present existence was terminated before he had completed the task he had assigned himself. The mass of materials, however, out of which the remainder of the work was to be drawn, was at hand. We found it copious and valuable, and saw that there only was required to prepare it for the public eye, a man of enlarged understanding, occasionally exercised in literary pursuits, of delicate feelings, and of decided piety, ready to devote his time and his judgment to the selection and compression of the most striking particulars contained in the manuscripts. To such a person we have been happily directed. A gentleman well known among literary men, as well as in what is denominated "the religious world," a man of talents, discretion, and piety; fitted in every respect for the performance he has undertaken, except, perhaps, some disadvantages may have arisen from his not being personally acquainted with the excellent individual whose

papers have been subjected to his inspection and revision. To compensate for these disadvantages (whether real or ideal), he liberally consented to subject *his* manuscripts and selections to the examination of GENERAL BURN's family and friends, simply requiring that on that account his name should be withheld from the public.

The volumes which have thus been prepared for the press, are now presented to the world, accompanied with the grateful acknowledgments of the General's family, for the generous and delicate manner in which the numerous subscribers to the publication have manifested their exalted estimate of his exemplary character, and with their fervent prayers that the work may be productive of much religious benefit. By whatever mixed motives *we* may have been actuated in promoting this publication, we can without hesitation aver that *their* sole object has been to furnish the public with a true picture of the life and character of their venerable relative, that many might be stimulated to imitate his bright example, to run an equally

steady course, and to obtain an equally unfading crown.

As they who have been hitherto unacquainted with the character of our departed friend, will find no difficulty in forming a correct judgment after they have finished the perusal of these volumes, it is by no means necessary that we should attempt a complete outline in this place: nor, indeed, do any of us feel qualified for the undertaking, if it were necessary. To depict the undeviating rectitude of his conduct, the unshaken constancy of his friendship, the unwearied activity of his benevolence, the invariable warmth of his affections, the untarnished purity of his habits, the unabating fervour of his piety, would require no common pencil. We shall here do nothing more than refer, and that, we are conscious very inadequately, to a few particular excellencies, which they who intimately knew the General could not fail to notice.

And first, he was *sincere and free from all disguise*. He was not a man of promise, but of per-

formance. There needed not a window through which to look into his heart; for all his best sentiments and feelings were written on his countenance. Allowing for the effects of a little constitutional reserve, heightened somewhat in the later portions of life by deafness, a stranger would know the General as well after he had been an hour in his society, as he would after he had enjoyed his acquaintance for a year. He had no objects but to glorify God, and promote the happiness of his fellow creatures: and these, as he felt neither ashamed nor proud of them, he neither attempted pusillanimously to conceal, nor ostentatiously to display. Where he saw, or thought he saw, a friend in serious error, either in point of sentiment, or of action, he would frankly suggest his apprehensions, but never rudely obtrude them: being too well acquainted with the economy of human life, and the established usages of society, to fancy that to wound a man's feelings was the way to do him good.

In consequence of this integrity of disposition, and singleness of intention, none ever saw him

assuming different manners or principles before different persons, or detected him pursuing circuitous courses in order to accomplish his purpose. If the end he had in view was worth attaining (and we know not who ever found him aiming earnestly at an object which was not likely to promote the *best* interests either of himself or of others), his approaches towards it would be direct and above ground; though they would be more or less slow according as judgment or discretion regulated the rate of advance. "*He walked before God,*" and the world, "*in truth, and in righteousness, in uprightness and integrity of heart.*"

His *benevolence* was a prominent feature. Here we do not speak of the frequent meltings of his mild and gentle nature after his heart was subdued by divine grace, and the way in which they prompted him to alleviate the sufferings of others; but chiefly of that exercise of Christian principle by which he incessantly sought to promote the temporal welfare and the eternal interests of all who fell within the sphere of his influence. They who distribute their

*abundance*, either in almsgiving, or in more deliberate and continuous exertions, are entitled to commendation, and will, if they act from suitable motives, "receive a reward" of a higher kind: but how much more cogent and operative must be the spring of action, when the habit of benevolence cannot possibly be evinced, but by a rigid adherence to habits of *economy!* In the instance we are now contemplating, a large family was to be reared upon very slender means, such as if we were to specify them, would by many be pronounced totally inadequate to the purpose; and yet, such was the attention to frugality, such the determination to abstain from what are called luxuries, for the sake of enjoying the true luxury of doing good, that few men of opulence have been more instrumental in diffusing benefits and blessings than GENERAL BURN, who could scarcely be said, till near the close of life, to enjoy a competence.

*Self-denial* was uniformly an ingredient in the benevolence of this excellent man. It was manifested in his voluntarily depriving himself of much

which scarcely any but him would regard as superfluities, that he might relieve the temporal wants of others: and in surrendering (what was to him of more value than property) leisure and retirement, that he might remove their intellectual and spiritual necessities. Deeply convinced of the efficacy of early education in forming correct habits, and in disciplining the heart, and thus promoting both individual comfort and the general welfare, he was a warm friend to schools for the indigent. To *Sunday Schools*, especially, he gave both his influence and his time. Even at an advanced age, he engaged very actively in teaching and catechising the children of a large Sunday School, formed entirely by the exertions of himself and family, and for no inconsiderable period instructed by them almost solely. By giving his personal exertions, as well as his money and his prayers, to such an institution, he shewed how ready, even when, by reason of growing infirmities, ease and quiet became more than usually important, he was to sacrifice them, provided he had but the *prospect* of shewing to the young and inexperienced "*the way*

"*in which they should* go," of rescuing them from ignorance and vice, and stimulating them to true knowledge and holiness. If it be, as a wise heathen affirmed, "the most culpable death to have life and "not to use it," GENERAL BURN subjected himself to no such reprehension: on the contrary, numbers *felt* both corporeally and spiritually that *he* had life, numbers who cheerfully testify their obligations to him, and "*call him blessed.*"

Our valued friend also furnished a fine example of genuine *candour*. Like other men of reflection and inquiry, he had on most important points made a deliberate decision, and, in reference to those of less importance, had his preferences. But he never expressed himself either censoriously or contemptuously, of those who by conscientious investigation had been led to different conclusions; nor did he ever withhold the right "hand of fellowship," except from such as had "wandered from the "faith" in reference to fundamentals. Having received his early religious instruction from his grandfather, a pious clergyman of the church of Scotland,

He was led to prefer the manner of conducting worship among the English orthodox dissenters, to that in the episcopalian church. But this did not prompt him to take a lively interest in any questions relative to church government, or to lay much stress upon any varieties in discipline, except they obviously tended to laxness of sentiment or to unholy practice. He rejoiced cordially in the growth of true religion in every church, whether established or tolerated, foreign or domestic; but seemed to rejoice most when the doctrines of the Bible (and, happily, of the thirty-nine articles), were faithfully and ably dispensed from the pulpit of a parish church; because in that case he apprehended the minister of the gospel would have fewer prejudices to overcome, than he who with like zeal and talent might be called to preach the same doctrines among dissenters. Hence, when one of his sons resolved to devote himself to the clerical profession in the established church, he expatiated on the circumstance with great delight; though, during the period that his son hesitated, this exemplary parent attempted neither to suggest difficulties nor to remove them; neither directly

nor indirectly did he influence his judgment or bias his decision. Hence, also, it was his frequent and fervent prayer for years, that pious clergymen might be placed by divine Providence in our large garrison towns; and when his prayer was answered with respect to Chatham (a town with the religious state of which he was well acquainted), he was, on seeing the clergyman come from the parish church, so overwhelmed with grateful feeling, that tears and sobs for some minutes choked his utterance.

If, however, on the topic of church government he might slide habitually into what some, even in the present day of liberal sentiment, will denominate *indifference*; this could not with any shadow of propriety be imputed to him in reference to "modes "of faith." He was, we believe, nearly through the whole of his religious life, a decided Calvinist. Yet he never approximated towards that modification of sentiment, in which an exclusive attachment to doctrinal speculation leaves no room to trace practical tendencies; nor that, in which the doctrine of divine decrees is so grossly stated as nearly to

extinguish the idea of human accountability. His notions were rather those maintained by Calvin in his "Commentaries" (when age and reflection had tempered his judgment), than some which are advanced in his "Institutes:" nor did they ever tempt him, firmly as he held them, and much as he valued them, to exclude from the pale of salvation, any who relied *alone* on the atonement and righteousness of Christ, however they might differ from him in non-essentials.

In nearly the last letter he ever wrote (being dated the 9th of August, 1814), addressed to Mr. Percy, the pastor of the church with which he united himself at Woolwich, after speaking of his inability to go from Gillingham to public worship at Chatham so frequently as he could wish, he adds—"But there is a sprinkling of "choice Christians at Gillingham, among the "Methodists, lively, zealous men, ornaments to "the gospel, and of real, vital, godliness. With "these we frequently assemble in a small neat "chapel, close to us, that will hold about two

" hundred persons. They have various preachers,
" some of them very acceptable, and as far as I
" have heard yet, very orthodox. Their weekly
" prayer-meeting is well conducted, and well at-
" tended; and here I hope the Lord will bless us.
" We have taken a pew; but have not imbibed
" any of their sentiments contrary to what we have
" all along professed; though, as far as I can per-
" ceive, the difference between us *lies more in words*
" *than any thing else.*"

A man who could thus express himself on the points at issue between the Arminians and the Calvinists, was not likely to indulge in *disputation*. And here we conceive lay one of his peculiar excellencies. He loved the society of men of intellect, and still more, that of men of piety. He loved to listen, and he loved to join, in free conversation: he would not shrink from animated discussion; but the moment there was evinced a desire to triumph, or an intemperate tenaciousness about mere matters of opinion respecting which Christians are divided, he would usually sit back in his chair and remain silent.

He was far too wise to expect to make converts to his own opinions by cursory, still less, by angry, disputation; and far too humble to conclude that they who did not in all respects think as he did, were, therefore, wrong. He taught his sentiments not by disputing about them, but by exhibiting their influence on his manners and his conduct; and many were the proselytes who were thus won over to true religion.

But as it would be endless to attempt the developement of his individual excellencies, we shall say a few words on that which lay at the foundation of the whole,—his *devotional spirit*. He cheerfully discharged his professional duties, he enjoyed free intercourse with his friends, he delighted to be surrounded by his family; but neither professional duties, friends, nor family, were permitted so to engross his attention, as to prevent his frequent communion with God. No sooner had he yielded to the solicitations of the Spirit, than he devoted himself in earnest to the public and private duties of religion. And neither did he suffer the ardent

passions of the meridian of life, nor the allurements of a profession, in which there were very few pious men when he commenced his religious course, to tempt him from that "close walk with God" in which for more than forty years he was enabled to persevere. Convinced as he had been by painful experience, during his residence in France, where he indulged in infidel speculations and practices, of the weakness and depravity of the human heart, he no sooner tasted the benefits of genuine conversion than he resolved to correct vicious habits and extirpate evil propensities, not by his own strength, but by daily and hourly application to the divine source of grace and mercy. Several of the passages selected from his journals in the following sheets bear evidence of the plans by which he so "redeemed "the time", when at sea and otherwise engaged in his profession, as to assign fit portions of every day to reading the Scriptures, to meditation, and prayer. Living thus constantly on the verge of heaven, although reflection on the irreligion of early life occasioned many a pang, and the heart-probing exercises of self-examination might cause him to mourn

in secret, his Christian graces brightened, and his "*path was as the shining light which shineth more* "*and more unto the perfect day.*" They who had the happiness of enjoying his acquaintance, in the evening of life especially, could not but see how, through the influences of the Spirit which he constantly sought, and the cleansing efficacy of the blood of Christ, on which he firmly relied, he was daily increasing in meetness for the celestial kingdom. They could not but notice the admirable and invariable consistency of his conduct with his principles, the uniform cheerfulness which he evinced (except during his periodical attacks of nervous fever), the constancy of his resignation to the Divine will in seasons of trial, the depth of his humility, and the tender susceptibility with which he made the concerns of others his own, "*rejoicing* "*with them that rejoiced, and weeping with them* "*that wept;*" nor could they avoid imputing these to their sole cause, the blessing of God upon that "fervent prayer" which, emanating from true faith, through the intercession of Christ, "availeth much."

Nothing could exceed the gravity, solemnity, and fervency, with which the General engaged in domestic and social worship. Every tone and every look indicated how deeply the heart was engaged in the exercise; and so often did spiritual mercies upon his family and friends seem vouchsafed in answer to his petitions, that scarcely any but the most thoughtless or the most obdurate could join in the devotions of this excellent man without being impelled to exclaim "*Surely 'tis good to be here:*" "*this is none other but the house of God, and the* "*gate of heaven!*"

On these and kindred topics it would be easy to expatiate: but looking to the space already occupied we refrain.

Persuaded as we are that the contemplation of so bright an example of Christian purity, humility, and piety, is calculated to be eminently useful; that while the history of a part of his early life may serve as a beacon to youth, that of the remaining portion may furnish an interesting pattern of heavenly-

mindedness and sincere dedication to God, to men in the meridian and decline of life; we rejoice that we have been in any shape instrumental in bringing these Memoirs of GENERAL BURN, before the Public; and fervently pray that they may be productive of much and lasting good.

OLINTHUS GREGORY.
J. HANDFIELD.
JOHN DYER.

*October*, 1815.

# ERRATA IN VOL. I.

Page 4, note, for *Astruther* read *Dundee.*
40, line 21, for *pices* read *pieces.*
62, 2, for *immediat* read *immediate.*
99, 25, for *d'ardour* read *d'ardeur.*
122, 14, for *The* read *These.*
21, for *mind so* read *mind was so.*
133, 13, for *I securely* read *I was securely.*
134, 20, for *this* read *his.*
155, 7, for *and* read *and I.*
156, 5, omit *I.*
166, 19, for *these* read *there.*
167, 15, for *knew* read *know.*
176, 22, for *possible. He who* read *possible he who.*
248, last line, omit *liver.*
255, 26, for *contributes* read *contribute.*
279, 5, for *small* read *smell.*

# MEMOIRS,

*&c. &c.*

It has long been a common observation with Christians, that, among the great number of pious books which daily teem from the press, few or none are perused with more pleasure and profit, by the religious world, than those which give a genuine and incontestable proof of the power of divine grace in the conversion of a sinner, from the pollutions of corrupt nature to a holy newness of life in Christ Jesus; or which beautifully and comfortably illustrate the more than fatherly care and infinite pity of the Almighty, in his various and wonderful providential dealings with some of his favoured people. If, from what I have experienced myself, I may be allowed to answer for others, I frankly con-

fess I have reaped more real benefit, and enjoyed more soul-purifying pleasure, in reading the Life of Colonel Gardiner, Hervey, or Newton, than from the studious perusal of a whole body of doctrinal divinity; and have received more solid comfort from one hour's spiritual conversation with some experienced and humble child of God, than ever I did from long and learned disputes on contested points of theology.

This prevailing consideration, as already mentioned, inseparably connected, I trust, with a single eye to the glory of God, first led me to form the resolution of throwing in my mite towards increasing the Christian's biographical library.

I am well aware, that some who may peruse this Narrative will be disappointed at not finding so much of the marvellous in it, as perhaps they expected on reading the title page; but sure I am, the well-experienced Christian, whose eyes are opened by divine grace, will perceive the finger of God as distinctly in the common incidents it contains, as in the more re-

markable events dispersed through it; though they most probably will produce little more than momentary astonishment in the carnal mind. Believers in general lose much comfort by not carefully watching the footsteps of Providence in common incidents; which are sometimes big with future designs of the highest importance, and are always fraught with rich displays of their dear Redeemer's love. While in a state of nature, carelessly gliding down the stream of dissipation, I never once regarded those things which befel me, in any other light than as matters of course, or of accident, trivial in their nature and consequences, which in no respect demanded my attention: but, through grace, having since been better taught, I now stand amazed at my former blind stupidity; and from a deliberate review of the various occurrences in my past existence, can as plainly discover the supporting and protecting arm of my heavenly Father, as I at this moment do the most conspicuous objects by the light of the noon-day sun. Circumstances which formerly appeared

as blanks in my life, now stand forth and vindicate the conduct of the wise and sovereign Disposer of all things; clearly proving from subsequent events that they really were of the utmost importance, and that on them depended the whole of my present and future happiness. I therefore humbly hope, the disciple of Jesus Christ who delights to walk closely with his Master, and whose happy privilege it is, by the light of the Spirit, carefully to mark, and sweetly to meditate upon, the gracious leadings of Divine Providence, with respect to his own soul, will not disdain to learn how the same almighty arm, in infinite mercy, hath led a poor fellow-traveller through many a rough and thorny path.

It can be of little use to mention here, the particular time and place of his birth*. "God is no respecter of persons." But surely there is a debt of gratitude due from me, and many thousands more, to

* He was born 8th September, 1742, at Astruther, in Fifeshire.

the great Source of Being, for giving us an existence in this highly favoured isle, under the bright shining of the everlasting Gospel! Who dare presume to say, that as a sovereign, He might not as justly have ranked us among the ignorant Hottentots, or brought us into being among the savage inhabitants of New Holland? I am afraid, very few even of God's children put a sufficient estimate upon this blessing. Because it is common to this generation, in this part of the world, it is either slighted, or forgotten; but it ought to be remembered, that it is not common to all the human race. To have a just idea of its value, we need but cast the eye of reflection a few centuries back, and behold what gross ignorance, superstition, and more than midnight darkness, covered the poor untutored inhabitants of this land. Multitudes did not know there was such a book as the Bible in the world; numbers more could not obtain a sight of it in a language they understood; and the very few that did, after spending many painful years in the study of the respective lan

guages, were frequently obliged to travel many hundred miles, to some university, or monks' cloister, for a Greek or Hebrew copy of it. Blessed be God, it is not so in our day; although to our shame we sadly undervalue the great privileges we enjoy.

Besides this common mercy, of being born in a Christian land, God was pleased to bestow upon me another, which is not common to all his children; that of being born of godly parents, and surrounded on all sides by truly pious relations. Infant reason no sooner dawned, than they began to use every possible means to give that reason a right bias towards its proper object; and they daily approached a throne of grace with fervent prayer for their helpless child, before he knew how to pray for himself. When a rude unthinking boy at school, I have sometimes stood at my pious grandmother's closet door; and how many heart-affecting groans, and ardent supplications, have I heard, poured forth for me, for which I then never imagined there was the smallest occasion! Yet if the prayers of the righteous avail

much (James v. 16) (and surely I can confirm the truth of this scripture), how greatly am I indebted to God, who blessed me with such parents! There are many in the world, who take as much pains to inculcate into the minds of their tender offspring the love of sinful pleasures and perishing vanities, as mine did to persuade me to the love of God, and to the pursuit of eternal things. A religious education, it is true, will not always restrain the vicious inclinations of youth; as many a pious father and mother know to their sorrow: but it is nevertheless a means of grace, of God's appointment, and from which many have reaped the most salutary effects. Though the fruits of such an education may not appear for many years, yet, sooner or later, the assiduous labours of the godly parent will certainly, in one respect or other, be amply rewarded. I, among a multitude of others, am a living witness to this truth. The virtuous and evangelical principles I imbibed in my youth, and the pious examples constantly set before me, though frequently slighted,

and sometimes in the course of a wicked life entirely forgotten, yet seldom or never failed to witness against me in the wilful commission of sin; and frequently were the means of preventing its perpetration; and what prevents sin, must surely be a great blessing.

I can give but a very imperfect account of what passed in the early part of my life. Here memory fails me; but I have frequently heard my grandmother and aunt say, I was of a very delicate constitution, and many times, contrary to all expectation, was delivered from the very brink of the grave. The unseen arm of the Lord was graciously extended to protect me in an infant state, and led me safe through all the dangers to which rash unthinking youth is hourly exposed. When nearly three years old, I was sent to live with my grandfather, a faithful minister of the gospel in the church of Scotland; who laboured zealously in his master's vineyard for upwards of sixty years, and died, universally regretted, at a very advanced age. Here my elder brother and myself became the peculiar

charge of this venerable guide, and under his immediate inspection were carefully and religiously educated. At the age of fourteen, when I had made as great a progress in my studies as I could well attain at the best grammar-school in the place, my father judged it full time for me to think of entering into some line of life in which I might be enabled, under God, to provide for myself; his own situation in the mercantile world being such as left him little hope of ever being able to make any settlement for his children. Accordingly, in a letter he wrote to me about this time, he proposed to my consideration, the three following professions; either to continue my studies at the university, with a view to the church; to study physic; or to follow the law. The last of these he rather recommended, on account of his having a valuable friend in that profession, with whom he could then advantageously place me, so as to be more immediately under his own eye. Having no fixed choice of my own, I readily fell in with that of a kind parent, whom I had every reason to

love and respect; and soon after I left my grandfather's house, went home, and in a few days was placed in the office of my father's friend, followed by many a fervent prayer, and by many a godly admonition to beware of the alluring temptations to which I should be exposed, and many an exhortation to be very assiduous in endeavouring to gain a thorough knowledge of the profession I had chosen. The latter part of this advice I strictly observed; and, having paid a close attention to business for about a year, flattered myself, from the progress I thought I was making, that in a very little time I should be able to procure a comfortable livelihood, and perhaps in the course of a few years accumulate that wealth in which I vainly imagined true happiness to consist. The enemy of souls has lulled me into many of these golden dreams, from which I never should have awaked, had not God, who is rich in mercy, graciously interposed to break the snare. This he now did, by one of those sudden turns of providence, of which, in the course of this narrative, it will be found I was frequently the subject.

I have often thought of the pleasure the redeemed soul must feel in the world of spirits, when permitted to see the intricate thread of Providence fully unravelled. And as I humbly hope, through grace, to be thus highly favoured, methinks I shall stand amazed, and with glowing gratitude admire the divine goodness and wisdom, in not permitting me to prosecute a business, in which many dangers and snares frequently, I fear, occur to perplex the mind of the conscientious Christian, and into which I might have fallen, and been ruined for ever! How this sudden change of situation was effected, with the circumstances that introduced me into an entirely new scene, will appear in the subsequent narrative.

From my infancy to the age of sixteen, having none but virtuous examples before me, and being surrounded with pious relatives, ready to warn and correct me on the least failure, I should have been in a manner constrained to walk circumspectly, even if I had been most viciously inclined: that, however, was not the case; for my

compassionate Creator, among all his other favours, gave me a tender conscience, which in those early days was more hearkened to than it has frequently been since; and, if I mistake not, the principal part, if not the whole, of my religion then consisted in attempts to pacify this clamorous monitor. My parents carefully taught me to pray with the lip; but it was beyond their power to make me pray with the heart, and that I seldom or never did. I was obliged to repeat the Assembly's Catechism, at least, once a week, for eight or ten years together; but I may safely venture to affirm, I did not know the spiritual meaning of one sentence in it. The Bible I also read over several times, but with no more profit at that period than I received from repeating the Catechism. The name of Jesus Christ, with salvation through him alone, was continually sounding in my ears; but, alas! I neither saw my need of such a Saviour, nor at all understood the extreme importance of this declaration. Indeed I thought it was my indispensable duty to be religious like those about me,

that I might escape the pains of hell, and lay in a claim to the joys of heaven. A Pharisee in miniature, I delighted to think of heaven, and often longed to be one of its inhabitants; though I never rightly relished the nature of their divine employment. The idea of happiness flowing from the uninterrupted worship of God and the Lamb, was then too spiritual and sublime for me to comprehend. Consequently, my religious duties were for the most part very burdensome. I particularly remember, the Sabbath day generally appeared as long as any two other days in the week; and a sacramental occasion I dreaded as the greatest evil, because the Thursday and Saturday before, and the Monday after, were days more immediately devoted to God by fasting, preaching, and prayer. In short I had no other religion to boast of at that period, than that which thousands are contented with in the present day: I mean that of education and example. Had I been born and educated at Constantinople, I certainly had been as good a Musulman, as I was then a Christian. A

"form of godliness," without any thing of its power, was all of which I could boast. I neither wished for, nor felt the necessity of, a better. Something which I then fancied of far greater moment, wholly engrossed my attention; and that was, how I should most speedily acquire honour, wealth, and power, in the world;—totally ignorant of what I have since found by experience to be true, that "the blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it," Prov. x. 22.

But to return to my narrative. My father about this time, having met with many heavy losses and disappointments in trade, particularly by the foundering of a ship that was not insured, found it impracticable any longer to maintain his family in that line of business in which he had been engaged; and having no promising prospect of soon entering into any other, he obtained, though with some difficulty, through the instrumentality of Sir H. Erskine, a purser's warrant to a sloop of war. To a man of my father's domestic character, the thought of separation from

his beloved family, his friends and connections, was one of the heaviest trials he had ever met with; but necessity, sad necessity, left no room to hesitate. He therefore set off immediately to join his ship, the M—, and embarked in Yarmouth-roads.

From this period I felt insensibly stealing upon me a strong desire to follow my father's steps, and share his fortune at sea. This wish increased upon me every day; so that I soon began to disrelish the slow and painful way of scraping riches together with my pen, and thought and talked of nothing but a man-of-war. My youthful mind, filled with strange notions of noble, warlike achievements, and puffed up with false hopes of accumulating immense riches from the spoils of the enemy, soon arrived at the height of its phrensy; and brought me, at last, fully and foolishly to determine, at all events, to leave the profession of which I had already acquired some little knowledge, in order to strike out a new, and, as I then imagined, a far more honourable, way of rising in the world, and, upon the very face of it, a much easier method

of attaining to a state of opulence, which, in my eyes, was the "one thing needful."

When my father was informed of my determination, he rather encouraged than opposed it; and only insisted upon my first employing a few months more in the study of navigation, and other necessary branches of mathematics; a request with which I cheerfully complied. I was just preparing to set off to join the M—, then at the Nore, when, providentially, she was ordered to convoy a fleet of merchantmen from a sea-port within twenty miles of my abode. After having waited impatiently several days for her arrival, I at last set off from my native place, accompanied part of the way by an elder brother; and embarked on board this vessel on my birth-day in the year 1758, being then sixteen years of age.

Before I proceed, I must for a moment indulge a pleasing reflection on the goodness of our Heavenly Father to me his unworthy creature, in the transactions of this day; that my heart, so very prone to forget the Lord's mercies, may once more enjoy

the pleasure of feeling a glow of gratitude and love. What a peculiar blessing was it, for instance, that now, when in the bloom of youth, strong and healthy, every passion ready to burst into a flame of sinful gratification, I embarked on board a man-of-war (a place so unfavourable to the growth of religion), I there found a pious father, like another guardian angel, warning me of the approach of danger, pointing out the path of safety, and serving as a powerful restraint against the commission of those gross iniquities, in the midst of which we were both obliged to dwell! What would have become of me in this dangerous situation, if God had not there placed such an instrument to protect me! Instead of being frequently shut up in a cabin with an affectionate parent, there spending many an hour in prayer, reading the Scriptures, and listening to his pious instructions, while he pointed out Jesus, and the way of salvation through him; I most probably should have been carousing with my abandoned messmates below, wallowing in all manner of sin and uncleanness, blas-

pheming my Saviour, perhaps, with every breath I drew. Little did I then think of the advantages I reaped from a father's care; much less did I ever imagine that God had any influence in it: but now that, through grace, my eyes are open, and I call to remembrance the many promising youths I have seen entirely ruined in a few months after they entered the navy, and how few there are, who enjoy such a powerful protection from its contaminating pollutions as I did; I stand amazed at the discriminating love of God, and, while I gaze at the danger escaped, wonder that I do not love Him more.

I was just entering into my seventeenth year, when I embarked with my beloved parent, though not in that line of service in which I had formed all my foolish plans of glory and riches; for my father well knew the great difficulty there was of procuring a commission in the naval department, and how many years of service it was necessary I should go through, before I could be duly qualified. He therefore judged it would be most for my advantage,

to get a competent knowledge of his own business; hoping that with the interest he had, he might soon be enabled to procure me a purser's warrant. With this view I was employed, during my continuance on board the M—, in the captain's cabin, to assist his clerk in keeping the ship's books, and my father's accounts. Those who were my companions when walking the quarter-deck, and who are all now dead, were of the most abandoned description; my mess-mate, the captain's clerk, being one of the worst of them. Though too often enticed into the paths of sin by their bad example, yet, thanks be to God! through means of the powerful restraint just mentioned, I was not then suffered to be entirely carried away into the current of their iniquitous practices.

A few days after I embarked, we sailed from Leith, and soon arrived in the North Sea, where we were stationed during the winter, to protect the cod-fishery, on the Dogger-bank. But surely never poor mortal went through a more severe ordeal than I did here; being constantly sea-sick,

and almost in hourly dread of perishing on a lee shore, or foundering in the ocean! Such was my truly uncomfortable situation, that I often wished myself any where, or any thing, rather than where and what I was; but now it was too late to repent. I could only exclaim bitterly, in secret, at my own consummate folly, in leaving a promising profession at home, for one so very disagreeable and precarious abroad; especially since I saw no probability of ever amassing the immense fortune my covetous heart so eagerly desired.*

Thus fallacious are the dreams of those, who expect to find happiness in any thing short of true religion.

Happy was it for me that our station on the Dogger-bank did not last so long as we expected. On the 7th of January following (1759), we were relieved by the Grampus sloop, and ordered immediately to the Nore. In a few days after, we were sent into dock at Sheerness. From this place, I went for the first time, with my

* The sum total of the prize money I made during this war, amounted to three shillings and sixpence!

wicked messmate, to London; and have surely great reason to bless God that during the time I was there, under such a truly diabolical guide, I could not be prevailed upon to partake of those impure pleasures which destroy many a hopeful youth in that abandoned city. Yet, nevertheless, I was in the very jaws of death, treading the paths that lead down to hell (Prov. vii. 27); and had I then been permitted to fall, who could say that I should ever have emerged from this sink of pollution. Sovereign grace will be the ransomed sinner's song all through the wilderness: for my own part, I can sing no other.

About the beginning of March, 1759, we sailed from the Nore on a cruise toward the north; but soon meeting with very heavy gales of wind, were driven over to the coast of Holland, and obliged to run for shelter into Helvoetsluys. Here we remained wind-bound nearly three weeks. During this time, while my father was at Rotterdam, I spent some very agreeable hours in strolling about the country vil-

lages; viewing these rural scenes with all the luxury of enjoyment, so peculiar to sea-faring people, just returned from a boisterous element.

On the 1st April, 1759, we left Holland, and arrived next day in the Downs, where we received orders to proceed to Portsmouth to be docked. In ten days the ship was sheathed and fitted for foreign service, and we then sailed from Spithead, with the Crescent frigate and a large fleet of merchantmen, for the West Indies.

A journal of our voyage across the Atlantic, is more likely to tire than to amuse; I shall therefore only mention one incident that then occurred, which, while it may tend to humble in the dust, may also serve as a specimen of the fruit of the religion I then possessed. Having on the 16th May, crossed the tropic, the boatswain, gunner, and carpenter, my messmate, and myself, got together in a cabin, to spend the evening, and drink (as they termed it) a cheerful glass; but instead of "a cheerful" it soon became a sinful one. Before the party broke up, I was, for the first time in

my life, so completely intoxicated, that I lost the use of my reason, and was unable to move hand or foot. In this state, I was thrown by my staggering companions into a hammock. The next day I began to feel the usual effects of an evening's debauch. My affectionate father was very inquisitive to know what was the matter with me; but dreading to inform him of the real cause, I told him a direct falsehood, and said I was only sea-sick and should soon be well. One sin is seldom committed without drawing a numerous train after it. When he began to interrogate me a little more closely, and seemed surprised at my being sea-sick when the weather was so fine; I was led, for fear of discovery, to confirm the first falsehood by telling a dozen more. When I had thus satisfied him, I found my mind very easy; and never thought (or if I did, it was very superficially) that I had offended God by such wicked conduct. So little did I then see or feel of the deceitful nature and tendency of sin!

On the 6th of June we arrived at Barbadoes, and the same day in the evening

I experienced another proof of the gracious interposition of that divine Providence, which rules over all, and in a thousand instances of imminent danger has seasonably appeared for my preservation. Having procured leave to take a ramble on shore for a few hours with my messmate, we immediately on landing strolled up the country. Being at a little distance before him, under a grove of manchineel trees, I hastily stooped down and picked up some of the apples. Altogether ignorant of their poisonous quality, and supposing them to be limes, I was eagerly putting them to my mouth, to quench my thirst; when my messmate, though at some distance, saw the danger, called out and prevented it: otherwise, in a few moments more, it is very probable I should have drunk the deadly poison, and perished in my sins.

The third day after our arrival here, we sailed for Antigua, and thence to St. Kitts, and arrived at Jamaica on the 25th, where it pleased God, once more, to give a sudden turn to all my worldly views and

schemes, by entirely cutting off all hope of future advancement in the navy; so ordering circumstances, that both my father and I were obliged to quit it. Having spent but a few days at Port Royal in watering and victualling the ship, we sailed on a cruise round the island, full of expectation that we should not return without making some captures; but the pilot had scarcely brought us out of the harbour, when either through ignorance, or from some unusual current, or sudden shift of wind, he ran the ship fast aground. The sea breeze beginning to freshen, she struck several times violently upon the shoals, carried away her false keel, and great part of her sheathing; but by the timely assistance of the boats in the fleet, she was soon got off again, towed into harbour, and ordered to be hove down.

During this tedious operation, my father was seized with a diarrhea and slow fever, and declined visibly in his health every day. He was at last brought so low, that his medical attendants advised him, speedily to leave the West Indies, as the only probable means of saving his life. He there-

fore determined at all events to embrace the first opportunity of returning to England; in order to which he was obliged to throw up his warrant as purser of the M—. At the same time he obtained my discharge; though the captain used all his interest with the admiral to prevent it, from a selfish view, that, if his own clerk should die, I might be ready to supply his place. Indeed, his anticipations were soon realized; for shortly after we left the ship, my messmate died. His death was taken particular notice of, by all on board; for, during the voyage from England, he used frequently to say amongst his inconsiderate companions, that as he had formerly been well seasoned in the West Indies, he should now live to see them all in their graves; and being appointed to read the burial service when any one died at sea, he often swore he would perform that ceremony for none of them, unless they would pay him before-hand. Poor unhappy man! He was death's first victim!

My father would gladly have taken me to England with him, had he entertained

the smallest hope of providing for me there; but as I enjoyed a good state of health, and seemed rather inclined to remain in Jamaica, he thought it might tend much more to my temporal advantage to leave me behind. He therefore agreed with a gentleman of his acquaintance at Kingston, the deputy secretary of the island, to take me as a clerk in his office.

Having earnestly recommended me to the divine favour, and offered up many ardent prayers for my preservation, he took an affectionate leave of me on the 31st of July, 1759, and sailed from Port Royal the same day, in the Ludlow Castle.

What an unspeakable mercy it is, to be blessed with truly religious parents! If ever the prayers of the righteous were prevalent in behalf of a fellow-mortal, surely those which a pious father now put up for an unworthy son were amongst the number. To their efficacy in calling down the goodness of God upon me, I attribute the many hair-breadth escapes and wonderful deliverances I afterwards experienced.

In a biographical narrative, such as I am now writing, it must be evident to every candid reader, that the principal thing requisite is a strict adherence to truth. However deficient the present performance may be in many other qualities necessary to make it acceptable, I am very confident it will not be defective in this. Had I no other resource from which to collect materials than a fallacious memory, I should hardly venture to make this assertion; but ever since I left my native place, I have almost constantly kept a diary, in which I have faithfully recorded every material circumstance that has befallen me: so that I have now many *volumes* of manuscripts of this nature before me, from which to draw the substance of these memoirs. So scrupulously particular have I been when inserting recent facts in my journal, that I have frequently omitted very striking incidents, where there appeared the smallest doubt of their authenticity.

This short digression is made with a view to convince those who may peruse this narrative, that they are not reading a romance.

To return:—When I lost my father, I lost the best part, if not the whole, of my religion. Left, for the first time, in the midst of strangers, to act entirely for myself, the Lord knows I acted very sinfully. Had not his all-wise providence graciously interfered to over-rule my wicked conduct, I had certainly fallen a victim to my own folly.

The serious impressions which a religious education had made upon my mind were not immediately, nor ever entirely, obliterated; but the restraint of an earthly parent being removed, the fear I then had of God was not sufficiently strong, to keep me from the commission of those particular sins to which my constitution and a depraved inclination naturally led me: though in the first open deviations from the path of rectitude, I enjoyed very little satisfaction. Conscience was yet tender, and her authority was not altogether denied. In the cup of sinful gratification, the bitter, at times, far exceeded the sweet. Such, more or less, is the nature of those pleasures which the carnal mind so eagerly

pursues. A few months after I was thus left to act for myself, an epidemical fever broke out, and raged very violently in Kingston, which proved fatal to numbers. This alarmed me, and the fear of death was so strongly impressed upon my mind, that I had no rest night or day, till I determined to retire into the country. To this resolution I sacrificed a more lucrative situation than I could possibly expect to obtain there. But consequences of this nature I seldom attended to in those early days. I saw a very serious danger approaching, and I verily believe that I was influenced from above to flee from it. When I communicated my intention to the gentleman with whom I lived, he consented to my leaving his office, and through his interest procured me a book-keeper's place upon a very healthy plantation only a few miles from town. Here, for the fourth time, I entered upon an entirely new employment; which did not altogether suit my inclination: yet my removal to it afforded another striking instance of the Lord's watchful providence. About three months

afterwards, having occasion to be in town upon some business, I called to see several of my old acquaintances; but heard that one had died of a yellow fever, about two months before; another of a putrid fever, and a third of a purple fever, within a few days. In short, I found upon further inquiry, that nearly all the young men with whom I had formerly associated, had in the short space of three months been launched into eternity! I left them immersed in sin, and for aught I know they died in that state. Had I remained at Kingston, I certainly should have visited my friends in their illness, and in this case it is morally certain I should have caught some of their many-coloured fevers, and shared the same fate. But discriminating mercy interposed, urged me to flee, and thus gave me further space for repentance.

I continued on this plantation about nine or ten months; frequently experiencing this same protecting mercy in various instances of imminent danger; yet still plunging deeper into the mire of sinful indulgence, totally regardless of that kind

arm which kept me from sinking into perdition.

In the latter end of the year 1759, when the general insurrection of the negroes took place, which proved so fatal to numbers of Europeans (some being cruelly murdered in their beds, and others inhumanly tortured), it pleased God to restrain those amongst whom I lived, so that not one of them offered the least act of hostility, though there were upwards of 200 sufficiently armed to do much mischief, and there were but two white men (the overseer and myself) on the plantation to oppose them. This signal deliverance was the prelude to many others. For several months after, guards were constantly placed on all the high-ways to prevent the rebellious negroes from assembling in numbers, and during that time it came to my turn almost every other night to stand sentry for several hours, in the open air, exposed to all the rains and dews of the season, which brought on many disorders, and carried multitudes to their graves. Through mercy, I was still continued among the living and the

healthy. In short, scarcely a day or an hour passed, whilst I remained on this island, that did not evidently display, in one respect or other, the watchful care of divine Providence in my preservation. Yet, wilfully ignorant, or criminally forgetful, of the gracious power that thus sustained me, I slighted his goodness, overlooked his mercies, and deplorably departed from him both in heart and practice. I have already hinted that the serious impressions imbibed from a pious education were not entirely obliterated; but by this time they had lost great part of their influence, and as that diminished, the darling inclinations of a corrupt heart gradually prevailed, and so far gained the ascendency that some of the most glaring sins, which at first appearance struck me with horror, imperceptibly lost their deformity in my eyes, and Proteus like, transformed themselves into innocent enjoyments. Thus advancing, step by step, in the dangerous road of sin, I soon arrived at dreadful lengths; drank in the deadly poison with as much eagerness as the thirsty ox drinks in water, and rushed

on rapidly with the wicked multitude in the broad way to eternal ruin.

O! what infinite obligations am I under to the Best of beings, who would not suffer me to continue on this unhallowed spot! Had I died there, which to all human appearance was very probable, my soul must have been irretrievably lost. It is a common expression amongst the wicked inhabitants of this island, and used to palliate their impious deeds; "Well; there's no God in Jamaica." Happily for me, I found one there, of boundless compassion; or rather such an one found me there, and forced me to flee from it, as he did Lot out of Sodom, with the utmost precipitation.

In the present dissipated age, I am well aware that the doctrine of a supernatural impulse on the human mind, is, by many who call themselves Christians, entirely exploded as enthusiastic; but without a full assent to this revealed truth, I really cannot rationally account for many circumstances in my past life, particularly for my conduct in the present instance; when a strange, and otherwise unaccount-

able, impulse induced me to leave this polluted country.

I had for some time past fondly indulged the hope of making a fortune in Jamaica; but, all on a sudden, I conceived such an inveterate dislike to the place, and to every thing connected with it, the heat of the climate, the impiety of its inhabitants, and danger of my situation, both with respect to body and soul; that I resolved to leave it the first opportunity that offered. I sat down to deliberate on the step I was about to take, and could not forbear lamenting how much I should disoblige the best of parents by thus throwing myself out of employment. Neither was I unmindful of the poverty and distress which would probably await me in England. Without money, and without friends, I had no other prospect before me than that of becoming a common sailor or soldier. On the other hand, the gentleman on whose estate I lived, kindly promised, if I would stay with him, to make me overseer of another plantation, a place worth upwards of £200 a year. But all would not avail. Heaven

had prompted me to flee from this island, and no arguments, prospects of gain, or dread of consequences, could induce me to stay. Amongst the multitude of mercies with which the Lord has favoured me, my escape from this abandoned island must ever stand prominent.

On the 22d of July, 1760, I left the plantation where I had been situated for nine or ten months, and went into town; and being by a friend introduced to the admiral, I solicited him (as having formerly belonged to the navy) to grant me a passage to England, in the Edinburgh, about to sail with the first fleet. With this he readily complied, and gave an order for my being borne as a supernumerary. While the fleet was getting ready, I spent a few weeks very agreeably with a friend in the country; and, with no small degree of pleasure, embarked at Port Royal, on the 24th of August following: thus once more setting out anew in the world, altogether unprovided for, not knowing what future plan I was to pursue. But the same faithful God, who kept me in Jamaica, was with

me also in the midst of many perils on the great deep; and, having landed me safe in England, graciously provided for me a few months after my arrival.

On the day I embarked, coming from Kingston in an open boat, I was overtaken in a thunder-storm and thoroughly drenched with rain; and, as my clothes were not then on board, I was obliged to continue in that uncomfortable situation the remainder of the day, which brought on the first fit of sickness I ever had since my infancy. Two days before the ship sailed, I was confined to my hammock, and when out at sea was brought so low by a violent fever, that I expected every hour to be thrown overboard with several others around me, who died of the same complaint. Yet, dreadful to think of! though perfectly sensible of my danger, I had not the least painful conviction of my accumulated guilt, nor the smallest notion of Jesus Christ as a Saviour. The prospect of a future state, just at hand, made no impression upon me; neither did I feel the least terror at the approaching pains of death. In short, I was dying, and in

every respect like the brute that perisheth; though endued with all the faculties of a rational being, and these in full exercise, unimpaired by bodily pain. O what a mercy, that I did not then die! Where would my soul now have been! Surely, not contemplating, as I trust it does with some degree of thankfulness, the imminent danger it has escaped. When I was, to all human appearance, breathing my last, the surgeon of the ship administered a medicine, which God so singularly blessed, that it gave a sudden and favourable turn to my disorder, and in a few days I was pronounced out of danger.

The first time I got out of my hammock to make my bed, I found a large scorpion in it; which had probably lain there a considerable time, and yet had never stung me.

Such incidents as these may be thought by some too trivial to be mentioned; but I trust I shall ever be enabled to look upon my deliverances from danger of this and every other kind, as the secret but certain effects of that over-ruling Providence, to

whose care I thankfully acknowledge myself indebted for my present safety. Many striking circumstances occurred during our voyage to confirm this truth; as will appear in the sequel.

The Edinburgh having been many years in the West Indies, and frequently hove down, was quite worm-eaten, rotten, and leaky, when we sailed from Port Royal. Before we had got through the gulf of Florida, the leaks increased to such a degree, that when we reached the Atlantic, the hope of safety had nearly expired, and from fatigue, and the dread of sinking, a solemn seriousness pervaded the whole crew. So awfully alarming was our situation, that I well remember the captain's reproving an officer for laughing. On a very moderate calculation, we pumped out at least two thousand tons a day! however incredible this may appear, it certainly was the case for several weeks; and on some days, it amounted to double that quantity. Beside the chain-pumps, that are supposed to throw out two or three tons in a minute, we had also four hand-

pumps in use, and were frequently obliged to bail with buckets from the fore-hold. In this deplorable condition, on the 12th of October, 1760, we sustained the shock of one of the most violent tempests that perhaps had ever been known. Those who had been at sea for many years, and we had several such on board, particularly the captain, who had been round the world with Lord Anson, all agreed they had never seen a hurricane continue so long with such unabated fury. Three days and three nights we were exposed to its uncontrolable power. To those who have never experienced a tempest at sea, it may be difficult to give a just idea of it; yet something of our distressed situation may be conceived from its dreadful and destructive effects. When it first came on, we were under a double-reefed main-sail and fore-sail, both of which it tore to pices, and blew overboard like a sheet of thin paper; and when a new main-sail was with difficulty bent and set, it shared the same fate. Nothing but the mast and yard now remained, and these were expected every

moment to follow. At first the force of the wind was so great that the waves could not rise, but were compelled to dash and break into a white foam, so that the whole ocean, as far as the eye could reach, appeared in the day-time like an extended plain of driven snow, and at night like an immense forest on fire. This terrific scene was soon succeeded by another: the sea began to rise "mountains-high," and beat with such violence against our rotten ship, which we could scarcely keep above water *in a calm*, that it seemed next to impossible to keep her from foundering. Unable to keep her to the wind, we were obliged to scud before it, without any sail, at an amazing rate, rolling the quarter-deck guns under water, her sides separating some inches from the deck, one of the quarter galleries being washed away, and the water pouring in in torrents, and carrying all before it. Had the storm continued but a few hours longer, we must inevitably have perished. The Lord beheld with pity our perilous situation, and (to speak in the language of Scripture) "rebuked the wind,

and said unto the sea, Peace, be still" (Mark iv. 39). Our astonishment was something like that of the disciples on the occasion alluded to (ver. 41), for almost instantaneously about noon on the third day, the whole horizon cleared up, the wind gradually subsided to a gentle breeze, and the whole face of the ocean was changed. But not so the hearts of those on board. If I may judge by myself, very few, if any, were truly sensible of this great deliverance. I might indeed unite with some others in thanking God with the tongue, but that, alas! was the utmost extent of my gratitude.

On looking round for the fleet under our care, though there were fifty-two sail in sight when the storm began, not a single ship was now to be seen. Many of them had made the signals of distress, and we afterwards learned that *seven of them were never heard of more*. We had one man washed overboard, and several much hurt, and although we did not all perish, we still continued in the most imminent danger. The uncommon agitation of the ship, during

the tempest, had greatly increased her leaks; to stop which all possible means were used, but without effect. From constant labour, and a very short allowance of fresh water, with salt provisions, the men began to fall sick; and, what was very alarming, the leathers of the chain-pumps were nearly worn out, and every day became less useful. To heighten the dismal prospect, we were many hundreds of miles further from the land than before the commencement of the hurricane, and were totally undetermined what course to steer. However, on the 16th of October, 1760, the day after the storm, early in the morning, a vessel was descried at some distance, to which, imagining her to be one of our convoy, we crowded sail, fired guns, and hoisted signals of distress. When she perceived us, she bore down within hail, and proved to be a Virginia trader, laden with tobacco, and bound to Whitehaven. A boat was immediately sent on board, with an officer, to examine whether she was large enough to hold the Edinburgh's complement of men (which was 600), with a suffi-

cient quantity of provisions to carry them to the nearest port, in case it should be found necessary to leave his Majesty's ship to sink at sea: but upon examination it was found that she had not the means of accommodating 300, much less our whole complement, exclusive of provisions. She was therefore ordered to keep company with us till the next morning, to receive despatches for the Admiralty. The captain then called all the officers into his cabin to consult with them upon the best means which could be taken, for the preservation of the ship and the lives of all on board. The wind being fair, it was soon unanimously agreed, that we should bear away for the "trade winds," get into smooth water, and steer for Antigua, the nearest port, where we could be refitted. This was a very unexpected resolution to all on board, and a great disappointment to us passengers, who had no disposition to revisit the West Indies. But where life is at stake, the least glimmering of hope is eagerly pursued; consequently the inclinations of a few individuals were not con-

sulted. About noon the next day a signal was made for the Virginia trader to bear down for despatches and other letters for England. However, whilst all pens were at work, it was hinted by one of the passengers, that although this vessel could not contain 600 men, she might very easily accommodate us, who were but seven in number, and no way bound to risk our lives in a king's ship with those who belonged to her. No sooner was the thought communicated to the rest than it was eagerly embraced; and application was immediately made to captain Langdon, requesting permission to seize on this favourable opportunity of returning to England. He readily granted our request, and one of us went on board the vessel by the first boat, and agreed with the captain for our passage to Whitehaven. A little before sun-set we all embarked, after having taken a sorrowful farewell of our unhappy friends, whom we never expected to see or hear of more. The next morning the wind being fair for them, and foul for us, we soon lost sight of each other. Before I

continue my narrative of what occurred to us in the Whitehaven vessel, I must glance at what befel the ship we had just left, and reflect for a moment on the mysterious hand of Providence, which so unexpectedly removed us from one to the other. We had not long separated, before the wind became fair for us, but against them. In this very distressing situation, almost given up to despair, they providentially fell in with an English 74; which greatly assisted in stopping their leaks, furnished them with materials for repairing their chain-pumps, supplied them with fresh water, and, having induced them to change their resolution of returning to the West Indies, brought them safe into Plymouth, a fortnight *before* we arrived at Whitehaven!

Thus we often behold the sovereign Disposer of events, by trivial circumstances, suddenly defeat and overturn the wisest counsels of the most sagacious of his creatures! How unexpected was our removal from the Edinburgh! Who would not say it was a wise step? Yet we afterwards repented taking it, although we

never entertained a thought that the crazy, rotten ship we left steering for the West Indies, could arrive in England before us. When men who live "without God in the world" (Eph. ii. 12) meet with such sudden and unexpected changes, they never regard them in any other light than as the effect of chance; or as events which daily happen in the common course of things. But surely that God who numbers the hairs of the head, and ordains the sparrow's fall (Matt. x. 29, 30), will never let matters of far greater consequence pass without his notice, or suffer events to take place, big with importance to his rational creatures, without his special direction. I have often been amused in speculating on what would have been the future course of my life, if such and such incidents, trivial in appearance, had not come to pass. For instance: had I remained in the Edinburgh, in all probability, I should have moved in a very different line of life from that in which I am now engaged. I certainly should not have been a marine officer, for there was a purser's warrant lying for me

at the Admiralty when the Edinburgh arrived in England. If a purser, I must have formed very different connections from those into which I was afterwards led. In these visionary wanderings I have been frequently constrained to admire the wisdom, power, and goodness, of a compassionate God, in ordering and over-ruling all these circumstances, to promote his own glory, and my permanent happiness. As a marine officer, I became acquainted with religious people, who directed me to heaven: had I been a purser, it is very probable I might have fallen amongst deists and atheists, who would have led me with themselves to destruction. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits!" (Psalm ciii. 2).

Christians are said to be the "salt of the earth" (Matt. v. 13). Happy was it for us, that there was at least one such character in the ship I was now on board. The captain was an upright, godly man, whose unaffected piety and fervent zeal in his master's cause, were like "pricks in our eyes, and thorns in our sides;" damping

damping the gratification of our favourite vices, though he could not entirely prevent them. For the sake of propriety, we were obliged to join with him every day in public worship; but neither his pious example nor his friendly admonitions could prevail on us to leave off gaming, swearing, and drinking. On the 4th of November, 1760, we began to look out for land, but were not favoured with a sight of it till the 7th, when we entered St. George's Channel; but the wind blowing strong for two days, right against our reaching Whitehaven, we were obliged to bear up for the Irish coast, and on the 9th, about sun-set, we came to an anchor in Lough-Swilly, where we remained some days weather-bound.

How wonderfully mysterious are the apparently dark and intricate paths through which the God of providence frequently leads his people! And how various, yet constantly uniform, are the powerful operations of his blessed Spirit, in calling them from the darkness of nature into the glorious light of the gospel! A few years before, one of the trophies of sovereign

grace, with whom I have passed many pleasant hours in spiritual converse, the Rev. John Newton was miraculously preserved, and brought to this very place.—How different his experience from mine! "We have not," as he beautifully describes in the 10th letter of his Narrative, "met with the same winds and weather, been ready to perish in the same storm of temptation, nor always encountered the same enemies;"—but I trust it is nevertheless true, that "we have had the same compass to steer by, and the same Polar Star and Sun of Righteousness, to guide our faces Zion-ward."

If any thing at this time could render my conversion more difficult than that of the eminent person above alluded to, it was the circumstance of my having a form of godliness without the power (2 Tim. iii. 5), whereas he then had none at all. Conscience, however, would not suffer me to neglect calling upon God in prayer, sometimes twice a day; and while I thus worshipped him with the lip, I considered all as right, though my heart was seldom

or never engaged. But conscience, which thus urged me to pray, could not, with all its remonstrances, prevent me from sinning, when prompted thereto by custom, temptation, or the example of others. I was an entire stranger to true contrition, but rather forgot my transgressions almost as soon as they were committed. Thus blindly I cherished the monster sin in my bosom, and for many years never perceived its hideous form, or dreaded the awful consequences. How great the compassion of that God, who was daily conferring favours upon me, whilst I was heaping up acts of rebellion against him! May my soul be deeply impressed and truly humbled under this reflection. But to return to my narrative. On the 14th we sailed from Lough-Swilly, and the next day anchored in Ramsay-bay, in the Isle of Man; where we remained for some days, until the spring-tides afforded a sufficient depth of water to take us into Whitehaven harbour. On the morning of the 21st of November, the wind, which had blown exceedingly hard all the week, having subsided a little; we

seized the favourable moment, and with some difficulty, hove up anchors, intending, if possible, to push into Whitehaven before night; but we had scarcely got safe out of the bay, when it grew thick and hazy, and began to blow more furiously than ever; so that we could neither regain our anchorage, nor carry sufficient sail to obtain our destined port: having no alternative, we kept running towards it, over tremendous and terrific waves. About one o'clock we assembled in the cabin to take some refreshment, but the motion of the ship was so violent, it was impossible to sit at table. While we were thus engaged, not apprehending our present danger, the vessel struck with such violence against a bank of sand, as threw most of us flat upon the deck. We were all dreadfully alarmed; and the scene that followed made an impression on my mind that can never be obliterated.

As beings imagining they had but a few moments to live, all strove with dying eagerness to reach the quarter-deck; but we had scarcely raised ourselves upright,

when the ship struck a second time, more violently than before, and again threw us all prostrate. We now considered our destruction as inevitable. The most dreadful howlings and lamentations were heard from some, whilst the disfigured countenances of others manifested the deepest anguish. The scene was enough to make the heart of the stoutest sinner tremble. Though I cannot exactly describe the state of my own mind at the trying moment, I very well remember the agony of one of my poor messmates. This man had acquired considerable property in Jamaica, and during the voyage, like the rich man in the parable (Luke xii. 16), was frequently devising plans of future happiness. At this awful moment he exclaimed most bitterly against the treatment of Heaven, that had made him spend so many toilsome years in a scorching and unhealthy climate to procure a little wealth; and when with pain and trouble he had heaped it together, had tantalized him with a sight of the happy shore where he expected peaceably to enjoy it; but now with one cruel, sudden

stroke had defeated all his hopes. The cutting reflections and bitter complaints which came from this man's mouth expressed such black despair, that he appeared more like a fiend of the bottomless pit, than a sinner yet in the land of hope. O! how unlike in every respect to the conduct of that dear follower of the Lamb, the captain of the ship! When she first struck, it is rather remarkable that he was kept from falling as the rest of us did; and being providentially next the cabin-door, he ran immediately upon deck, and gave his orders with so much composure and wisdom, that he appeared to be raised above the fear of death, having a smile on his countenance, though speedy dissolution seemed inevitable. From his exterior behaviour at this alarming moment, we may fairly conclude that he enjoyed the greatest peace and serenity within, as a foretaste of that heaven of glory, into which, to all appearance, he was just now entering. When we reached the deck, saw our danger, and witnessed his unshaken conduct, we were ready to fall

down and worship him, and ever after held him in the highest esteem. Were there no other advantage to be derived from true religion, than the sweet composure of mind it gives in the time of danger, and the blessed hope it holds out in the prospect of death; surely it ought to be anxiously cultivated by rational beings, who are surrounded every moment with dangers and deaths of various descriptions. By the captain's distinct orders the vessel was presently put before the wind, and thus it pleased the Lord to prevent her striking a third time, which in all probability would have stove her to pieces. In this case all hope of preservation must have vanished; for the ship's boat, if it could have contained us all, could not have swum five minutes in such a tempestuous sea; and our distance from the shore excluded all hope of being saved in any other way. Indeed, it was next to a miracle that the ship did not founder at the first or second shock. It can only be accounted for, from the goodness of a compassionate God, who in the midst of wrath remembered mercy,

and spared the whole for the sake of one real Christian. Through Divine goodness we were soon delivered from our fears. Upon sounding the ship's well, we found that she did not admit more water than usual. Still an awful dread hung over us of what might befal us, during the long, dark night just approaching; close on a lee shore, blowing a hurricane, and afraid to carry sail to work off, lest the vessel from the severe shocks she had suffered, should be overstrained.

The captain therefore determined not to keep the sea that night, but to run at all events for the light on Whitehaven pier-head. The danger was great if he should overshoot the mark but a few feet on either side. He took the helm himself, and trusting to that omniscient God to whom light and darkness are alike (Psalm cxxxix. 12), he piloted us safe into our long desired haven; and before ten o'clock that night, we were all safely landed.

Who would not suppose, after such wonderful deliverances, that we should all have been anxious to express our gratitude to God, who had so graciously

preserved our lives? For my own part it was quite the reverse. The shameful truth must not be concealed. This unmerited kindness had not the least effect on my future conduct. Perhaps on stepping out of the ship, I might carelessly thank God that I was once more on shore; but even this feeling soon passed away.

The ingratitude of man in his unregenerate state is beyond all conception astonishing! Repeated terrors, and doubly repeated mercies, perils, and deliverances from death itself, in all its hideous forms, will prove ineffectual to rouse the sinner to a sense of gratitude. Only the Spirit of God, by his quickening influence, can effect the gracious work. This solemn truth, alas! was too fully confirmed in me. Notwithstanding all that had passed, I continued to drink into the spirit of the world with as much eagerness as ever; was not only found delighting in all its foolish pleasures and vanities, as far as my pecuniary circumstances would allow; but was too frequently drawn into the commission of grosser sins, with little or

no remorse. A few days after our signal deliverance, I well remember spending the evening in a gentleman's house at cards, and, though never habitually given to drinking, I afterwards became so completely intoxicated, that I was removed in a senseless state to another part of the room; and, when the company broke up, was carried through the streets to my lodgings, more like a brute than a human being. Thus did I requite the Almighty for his preserving mercy! What will not the human mind be guilty of, when left to its own propensities! In reviewing the past, I have enough to humble me, to mourn over, and be ashamed of, all my days.

Undetermined what course to take, and having little or no money to discharge my lodgings, I waited three weeks at Whitehaven, until I should hear from my parents, or some of my relations, in Scotland.

I dreaded the receipt of a letter from my father, knowing how much he would be displeased with the hasty step I had taken in leaving Jamaica. I was not dis-

appointed in what I feared; for he sent a long epistle, sharply reproving me for my very inconsiderate conduct; at the same time laying open the distressing state of his own affairs in such a feeling manner, that I regretted as much as he did the rashness of my late decision. But it was now too late to repent, and I had the satisfaction to find, that notwithstanding my father's displeasure, his parental affection was not abated. He pitied my situation, and sent a sufficiency to supply my present wants. Among other domestic intelligence, he informed me of the death of my pious grandfather, with whom I was brought up in my youth, and who was dear to me on many accounts. The venerable saint had reached his 90th year, and in his dying moments prayed for me, and expressed a very anxious concern for my welfare. The manner in which my father communicated this circumstance, affected me very much; and for a time it threw a veil of seriousness over my outward deportment: but the impression soon wore off, and I returned to my old sinful course,

having all my thoughts, words, and actions, almost wholly directed to temporal enjoyments.

On the 13th of December, 1760, I began my journey to London; and having no inducement to be expeditious, I thought it my duty to be careful of the little pittance I had, and therefore chose the cheapest rather than the quickest mode of travelling: sometimes walking, sometimes riding on horseback, but mostly in the stage waggon. At the end of three weeks, I arrived in Cheapside. If the Lord had not been with me now, what would have become of me? I shudder at the thought! In the centre of a profligate city, exposed to all its alluring vices, with a constitution ready to comply with the first temptation, and not a friend to compassionate or direct me; was it not more than probable that I should take a wrong rather than a right step? Especially as my pecuniary resources were so nearly exhausted, that I had not more than sufficient to defray my expenses through half of another week. Glory to God! He did not suffer me to fall in this dan-

gerous situation; but brought me at last through every difficulty, and placed me in that line of life in which I continue to the present day: yet, not before he had entirely overturned all my own plans, as well as those of my friends.

The first step I took, after my arrival in London, was to wait on one of my fellow-passengers, a man of property in Jamaica; who, intending to return thither, had, in the course of our short acquaintance, promised to take me with him as a clerk, in case I was not better provided for at home. Thus, however courageous I was in my determination to leave that wicked and unhealthy island, thinking I could go through any hardship rather than remain there; yet, when it came to the push, poverty and wretchedness fast approaching, my heart failed, and I determinined one way or other to effect my return. My pretended friend received me coolly, stating that he had made up his mind to remain in England, and was sorry that he could do nothing for me; I therefore immediately resolved, as a last resource, to ship myself off in the first

vessel I should meet with bound to Jamaica, well knowing I could there find immediat employment. What a mercy that I was not suffered to put this design into execution! The very thought of it, at this distance of time, makes me shudder! Had not the Lord interposed, I should in all probability have returned, and died there, a perfect stranger to every thing good. Fully bent on this plan, I thought it was my duty, first to deliver some messages my father had given me to particular friends in London; and accordingly went early, in the morning of the third day after my arrival, to my father's agent, on Tower-hill; but how great was my surprise, after having made myself known, to be informed that I was appointed purser of the Sea-horse man-of-war. With a mixture of joy and fear, I eagerly inquired further. He told me the warrant had been given to my father some weeks before, but he, declining to accept of it, had prevailed with his patron, Sir Harry Erskine, to have it filled up in my name. Overjoyed at this very unexpected good news, I set off with all possible

speed, to pay my respects to my generous benefactor. But, alas! this promised joy, like all others in the present world, was very transient. Sir Harry told me I had, through his influence, been appointed purser of the Sea-horse; but as he had not been able to get any intelligence of me among my father's friends in London, and as the ship was ready to sail, the Admiralty had given the warrant to another person only eight days before.

How clearly do these incidents mark the intentions of an all-wise Providence towards me. Had I come home in the Edinburgh, I certainly should have been purser of the Sea-horse; or if I had remained three hours longer in Whitehaven, I should, as I afterwards ascertained, have received another letter from my father, informing me of this appointment; and of course I should have posted to London to take up my warrant. But, no! This was not the will of my heavenly Father. However I might then grieve and murmur, at what I called an adverse Providence, I now clearly see his wisdom and goodness

in ordering it as he did. All hope of procuring a situation in London being at an end, I opened my case to Sir Harry, and begged the favour of his interest to do something for me. He very obligingly said he would try to get me a commission in the marines, but observed he had very little hope of succeeding.

No sooner had I made my bow, than I again determined to pursue my former resolution of returning to the West Indies. O what shall I render to the Lord, who would not suffer me thus to run headlong to destruction! While depriving me of every prospect of being comfortably settled in the world, he was secretly leading me through the intricate mazes of his Providence, in a way that I knew not, that at the end I might be constrained to exclaim, with the Israelites on Mount Carmel, "The Lord, he is God" (1 Kings xviii. 39).

From Sir Harry Erskine's, I went directly to Chelsea, to call on a Mrs. Hay, one of my father's friends; and although I had never seen this lady before, the Lord

inclined her heart to become a true and valuable friend to me also. And surely never poor mortal had more need of one than I, being at that time reduced to my last shilling. How seasonably the Lord's mercies are distributed! It has been well observed by Dr. Watts:

> "Just in the last distressing hour,
> The Lord displays delivering power."

I have often proved it so in my weary pilgrimage through life, and particularly at this juncture, though I might not then see as I do now. When Mrs. Hay knew who I was, and was made acquainted with my situation, she first very kindly invited me to remain in her house, and afterwards treated me more like a son than a stranger. She supplied my pecuniary wants, and purchased several articles of apparel in which I was deficient. After some days she advised me to go to her husband on board the Royal George, who was secretary to the then Sir Edward Hawke, who might have it in his power to provide for me in the line of a purser; and in the meantime I was sure

to be employed as a clerk in his office, and should be upon the spot if any thing desirable occurred. This I much approved of, and by her advice, waited on Sir H. Erskine to inform him where he would find me, in case he should have it in his power to make good his promise.

On the 14th of January, 1761, I set off in the stage-coach for Portsmouth, having at last relinquished my visionary plan of returning to Jamaica. Though I am anxious to shorten my narrative as much as possible, yet I cannot forbear taking notice of some of the providential mercies I experienced at this period.

Before we reached Portsmouth, the coach, being full of passengers, was overturned, and the coachman thrown from his box; yet not one person was in the least hurt, not even an infant who fell from its mother's arms, in the inside, and was found beneath us. Had the horses taken fright, or even gone on their usual pace, the consequences might have been fatal.

On my arrival at Portsmouth, I fully expected to find the Royal George at Spit

head, or to procure a speedy passage to her in the bay, where she was cruising; but in this I was disappointed, and must have gone on board the guard-ship, had not the Lord, who never forsook me in an extremity, inclined the heart of one of my coach companions to invite me to stay with him on board the Blenheim hospital-ship, till a convenient opportunity should offer of going out to the Royal George. Here I remained upwards of three weeks, when finding that the only certain conveyance to the men-of-war off Brest, was from Plymouth, I determined to go thither, and accordingly embarked on board the Cormorant fire-ship, under orders for that port. Here again, I found myself in a great strait: my finances being exhausted, I had not wherewith to pay my quota, if I messed with the petty officers; but the surgeon of the Blenheim had recommended me to the captain, who very obligingly invited me to his table.

These are trivial incidents; but they were very important ones to me at that time, and I wish ever to remember them

as marks of Divine care for me; and as such, I shall here mention another of a similar kind. Being detained on board the Cormorant, at Cowes in the Isle of Wight, for nearly a month, by strong westerly winds, I grew weary; and being anxious to know something about the Royal George, I set off early one fine morning in the passage-boat for Portsmouth, purposely to inquire at the admiral's office, if she were soon expected in port. I fully intended to return to Cowes by the first boat, as I had but just money enough left for this purpose; but, to my great sorrow, about noon it began to blow a most violent gale, so that none of the boats would venture out for several days. Never was I placed in a more distressing situation. A perfect stranger in Portsmouth, with only a few pence in my pocket, I continued walking round and round the ramparts nearly the whole day, till I was so completely worn out with fatigue and hunger, that the violence of the wind almost drove me off my legs. Night was approaching. Finding it impossible to continue in this

state much longer, and being well nigh distracted, I began to devise schemes where I should rest, and how I could satisfy a craving appetite. At last I fixed on the following expedient: having a pair of silver buckles on my shoes, the gift of an affectionate sister, I determined, though grieved at the deed, to take them to some Jew in the town, and exchange them for metal ones; in hope that the overplus would procure me a lodging and purchase some food. Just as I was stepping off the rampart to put my plan into execution, I was accosted in a very friendly manner by an old acquaintance, who shook me by the hand, and asked me if I had dined. When I answered in the negative, he replied, "Then come along with me, we are just in time." By this friend I was plentifully supplied for a few days, till the weather permitted me to return to the Cormorant at Cowes. Thus the same compassionate God who feeds the ravens when they cry (Psalm cxlvii. 9), was at no loss to find means to supply the wants of an ungrateful mortal, who did not then seek him

by prayer, nor acknowledge the benefit so seasonably bestowed.

But having since been several times at Portsmouth, I have walked round the ramparts with a glad heart, in the recollection of this mercy, praising the Lord under a feeling sense of his goodness.

Two days after my return, the Cormorant sailed for Plymouth; but no sooner had I landed there to inquire for the Royal George, than I was informed she had just arrived at Spithead!

I obtained a passage back to Portsmouth in the Southampton frigate, after a short cruise in the Channel. At length on the 16th of March, after long and anxious expectation, I got on board the Royal George. My friend Mr. Hay received me with great cordiality, entered me on the ship's books, and placed me in the admiral's office till something more advantageous should offer. Here I enjoyed a quiet and easy life for about two months, having little more to do, than to write out and copy orders; but I still remained perfectly insensible of the goodness of God, and even without a

thought that I was in any way indebted to him for my present situation. On the 22d of May I was sent for by the commanding officer, who informed me that my friend Sir Harry Erskine had procured me a commission in the marines, and that he had received orders to discharge me from the Royal George, that I might proceed to Chatham, the division to which I was appointed. This was rejoicing news, as it placed me at once beyond the dread of future poverty, and fixed me in a line of life which my proud heart approved, and in which, through rich mercy, I have now been preserved upwards of fifty-three years. Having obtained from my friend a sufficiency to pay my expenses, I proceeded to London, and calling on my kind benefactress at Chelsea, remained there several days until I was completely equipped as an officer. On the 4th of June I went to court in my uniform, and on the 6th I joined head-quarters at Chatham.

To enumerate the various and multiplied mercies, both of a temporal and of a spiritual nature, which I have received at the

hands of God in this well known spot, would be an undertaking far beyond my power to accomplish. Though infinite wisdom found it necessary frequently to correct me, to prevent my falling, or to restore my soul (Psalm xxiii.), yet, blessed be his name, he has favoured me with many visits of his reconciled countenance, the remembrance of which is sweet to me at this moment, when viewed as pledges of my ere long enjoying the full blaze of his glory in Heaven. In this town, ten years after the events I am now narrating, the Lord was graciously pleased to reveal to my rejoicing heart the best of all his blessings—the Lord Jesus Christ; witnessing by his Spirit that he was bestowed freely, "without money and without price" (Isaiah lv. 1), that the whole praise might redound to his infinite mercy. Of what avail would all his other blessings have been without this? This alone constitutes them real blessings. Without Christ Jesus, I had turned them all into a curse. The possession of this "unspeakable gift" (2 Cor. ix. 15) turns every thing to gold:

losses, crosses, disappointments, and threats of every description, are made to answer the most salutary purposes; while riches, honours, and worldly prosperity, without it, have the seal of condemnation visibly impressed upon them. For the three years previous to this period, having been tossed about from place to place, in a very unsettled state, I had little opportunity and much less inclination, to attend the means of grace, or to read good books. But now having more spare time than I well knew how to employ, my early habits involuntarily returned to my recollection. I began to consider how I could most advantageously employ my leisure, and accordingly laid down a regular plan for the performance of religious duties, to which I strictly adhered. Most of my ancestors having been members of the Church of Scotland, and having myself been educated under my pious grand-father, a minister of that church in West Anstruther, I thought it was not my duty to leave it, and therefore joined a Presbyterian congregation at Rochester. I constantly attended divine

service, received the sacrament once a month, made a conscience of strictly performing my private devotions, and I believe was considered by most who knew me, to be a very good Christian. Nay, Pharisee like, I was very much inclined to *think so* myself. But whatever I might be in my own eyes, or in the eyes of others, I certainly was far from being right in the sight of a pure and holy God. As yet I was ignorant of the depth of iniquity in my depraved heart; I had but very indistinct views of the extent and spirituality of God's holy law, and no just conceptions of the heinous nature and dreadful effects of sin; consequently could not fully appreciate the value of that precious blood, shed to take it away, or heartily love or believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, who was manifested to rescue his people from the bondage of sin. (Matt. i. 21). So far from partaking of this happy freedom, I still remained the willing slave to various sinful lusts and passions, and felt no remorse in daily doing many things, I should shudder to think of now. Naturally

led to keep company with my brother officers, though not habitually addicted to their common vices (except that of gaming); yet too fond of associating with them, I was imperceptibly induced to imitate their bad customs, and too frequently their grosser sins. Thus I continued for several months; and, however strange it may appear, even then, from the severe checks of an awakened and tender conscience, I made some progress in a religious life. Indeed my experience at this period appears a perfect paradox, and obliges me to relate things apparently irreconcilable, because they were true. Though I was frequently with little remorse falling into sin, yet by the power of restraining grace, I was enabled to cut off many sins as dear to me, as a right hand, or a right eye. Having had great experience then, and since, in these painful operations, I would recommend it to those who are determined to be on the "Lord's side" (Exod. xxxii. 26), to be resolutely expeditious. If a limb of our body is to be amputated, and an unskilful surgeon, instead of doing it in a few

minutes, should keep sawing and cutting it for a whole day, how dreadfully excruciating would such an operation be! Just so it is in a spiritual sense; the more you prune and spare a beloved lust, the more violent it grows, and the more difficult afterwards to subdue; but if you have courage effectually to destroy it at one stroke, the soul is immediately set at a happy liberty, and hardly feels the pain of separation. When the Lord was pleased to convince me of the sin of spending so much valuable time at cards (my whole attention and thoughts being carried after them), I found it necessary, for the peace of my conscience, to set about a reformation. First I vowed, and that very solemnly, that I would only devote a certain time to them, and no more; but this resolution continually failing, I next determined only to play for a certain sum, and never to exceed it. When that would not do, I vowed still more resolutely, to play only for recreation, determining to be careful in the choice of the persons with whom I played. But all proved ineffectual. The more I resolved,

the stronger grew the sin. A multitude of broken vows heaped guilt upon guilt, and brought an accumulated load of sorrow upon my mind. So much so, that on one Lord's day, when I was to receive the sacrament, before I approached that sacred ordinance, my conscience so keenly accused me on account of this beloved idol, that I hardly knew what to do with myself. I tried to pacify it by a renewal of all my resolutions, with many additions and amendments. I parleyed and reasoned the matter over for hours, trying, if possible, to come to some terms of accommodation, but still the obstinate monitor within, cried out—"There's an Achan in the camp: approach the table of the Lord if you dare." Scared at the voice, and yet unwilling to part with my darling lust, I became like one possessed. Restless and uneasy, I flew out of the house to vent my misery with more freedom in the fields, under the wide canopy of heaven. Here I was led to meditate on the happiness of the righteous, and the misery of the wicked in a future state. The importance of eternity

falling with a ponderous weight upon my soul, raised such a vehement indignation against "the accursed thing" within, that, crying to God for help, I kneeled down under a hedge, and taking Heaven and Earth to witness, wrote on a piece of paper with my pencil a solemn vow that I never would play at cards, *on any pretence* whatsoever so long as I lived. No sooner had I put my name to this solemn vow, than I felt myself another creature. Sorrow took wing and flew away, and a delightful peace succeeded. The intolerable burden being removed from my mind, I approached the sacred table of the Lord with an unusual degree of pleasure and delight. This was not my only idol. I had many others to contend with. But while I was endeavouring to heal my wounded soul in one place, ere I was aware, sin broke out in another.

Yet still I kept striving, and at that time was far from thinking myself unsuccessful: conceiving my state a very safe one, I was comfortable and cheerful. Indeed I have often wondered since at the happiness I I then enjoyed. The thought has some-

times almost stumbled me. Religion was really my delight. I loved the society of Christians, and sometimes had sweet communion with God in prayer and other ordinances. Nay, I have at times enjoyed such happy moments, such delightful intercourse with Heaven, particularly on an evening, that after having recommended my soul to God in fervent supplication, I have lain down with the greatest serenity of mind, and been indifferent whether I should ever open my eyes again in this world or not. My reliance at this time was not on my own works, but on the mercy of God as freely manifested in Christ Jesus. Yet I remained a stranger to the quickening power of divine grace on my soul. The sound doctrines of the Gospel floated in my head, but I believe they had not fully (if at all) reached my heart. If I am not much mistaken, I was as yet in a great measure carnal, unaffected, and ignorant. The world was neither crucified to me, nor I to it (Gal. vi. 14). I had not learnt wholly to deny myself, to take up my cross, and to follow Christ (Mark x. 21).

But whatever my state might be at that time, whether I enjoyed a true or a false peace, this one thing I am sure of—the Lord in infinite mercy and goodness has since, by various means, imperceptibly brought me to a more feeling sense of my own vileness and wretched state by nature, and to a greater acquaintance with the iniquity of my depraved heart, and has given me clearer apprehensions of his love to lost sinners as displayed in the gift of his only Son Christ Jesus. Though I am yet a babe in this saving knowledge, I humbly trust he will perfect the work he has begun to the praise of the glory of his grace.

During my stay at Chatham, which at this time was about a year and a half, I experienced, as I always have, the goodness of the Lord, in blessing me both with spiritual and temporal mercies. Among many others, I cannot forbear mentioning with what fatherly care he led me into the acquaintance of pious people, in whose society I not only acquired a further knowledge in divine things, but was kept from being entirely carried away by the wicked

examples with which I was daily surrounded. Besides, the Lord was pleased many years afterwards to employ these same persons as instruments to bring about my thorough conversion. But the greatest reason which I had at this time to praise God, was for his bringing me in a very singular manner to an intimate acquaintance, with the person to whom I was afterwards closely united in the nearest of all earthly ties; though that happy connection, through a variety of dark and intricate providences, did not take place till nine or ten years afterwards.

In November, 1762, I was sent with a party of marines to Harwich, and sailed from thence a few weeks afterwards in the T——, and arrived at Plymouth about the beginning of 1763. Preliminaries of peace being signed, I was ordered to disembark, and to wait for a convenient opportunity of coming round again with the detachment to Chatham. I remained a few days at Plymouth, then embarked on board the P— F—, and soon after joined head-quarters. During this short cruise, I expe-

rienced two very singular instances of God's protecting mercy. Indeed my whole life hitherto, has been one continued scene of such interpositions; and though I have forgotten the greatest part of them, and thought but little of others when they happened, yet I cannot forbear mentioning some of those which are still strongly imprinted on my memory. May I be enabled to do it with a thankful heart! Foreseeing that on my discharge from the ship at Plymouth, I should be reduced to half-pay, and consequently almost as much at a loss for a proper settlement in life as ever, I adopted an old plan of returning to the West Indies, and with that view entered into an agreement to change duties with an officer going to the coast of Guinea. We made a joint application for leave, but without much success; for though such a request is very readily granted in general, it was absolutely refused to us. Thus, greatly against my inclination, was I obliged, in much mercy, to return to Chatham, where I sat under the glad sound of the glorious gospel of peace, instead of

going to an unhealthy climate, where I never should have heard it, and whence, in all probability, I never should have returned. The other providential mercy with which I was at this time favoured, was a very narrow escape from sudden death. The evening I embarked on board the P— F—, to come round to Chatham, there was a hammock put up for me in the gun-room, into which I got very carelessly, never examining how it was hung. About day-break the quarter-master being obliged to shift the helm, on account of the tide's turning, the ship then at an anchor in the Sound, the tiller came foul of my hammock, that was hung close up to the deck, and squeezed my head against one of the beams. I awoke rather surprised with an unusual pain in my head, but soon found it was jammed so fast between the tiller and the beam, that I could not get it disengaged. I then cried out for help, and a midshipman that happened to be there, seeing my distress, ran upon deck, shifted the helm, and released me. Upon my knees, I thanked God for this wonderful

deliverance. With David I could say, "There is but a step between me and death," (1 Sam. xii. 3); for had the quarter-master continued to turn the wheel, which he would have done if the midshipman had not seen my situation, and prevented him, he must have fractured my skull, and put a period to my existence. Alas! I was then very ill prepared for dying.

Soon after my arrival at Chatham, being with many others reduced to half-pay, I set off for London; and being very desirous of visiting my parents, whom I had not seen for several years, I engaged in the first ship sailing for Scotland, and arrived at my father's house in June, 1763. The state of my mind at this time, as near as I can recollect, was that of a proud Pharisee. I had too high an opinion of my own holiness; and though my outward carriage and conversation might indicate a species of humility, the language of my heart was to those around me: "Stand off; for I am holier than you." I foolishly imagined that I had now attained to such a happy proficiency in the religion of

Jesus, that it was impossible for me ever to fall into gross sins again. I do not recollect that I had even the least idea of my own weakness, or once saw the absolute need of constantly deriving strength from Christ to withstand the slightest temptation to evil. My heart also began to be again carried away by an anxious solicitude about what measures I should take to provide for myself in the world. To give myself up entirely into the hands of Providence in this matter, was a lesson I had not yet learned, neither did I see it requisite that my religion should be constantly interwoven with all I did, that whether I ate or drank, it should all be done to the glory of God. My idea of religion at this time seemed to be very different from that of the Apostle in the place above alluded to. I thought it should never interfere with our worldly business; and as is too frequently the case with others, when engaged in secular affairs, I frequently left it behind and forgot I had any. A restless, worldly spirit, kept me from settling with my parents in Scotland: I remained with

them only a few months, and then set out for London, with a view to push all my interest to get into full pay, and if that should fail, to try to get into some public office, or merchant's counting house: but God in his providence, having designed a very different plan for me, overturned all my schemes. I remained nearly a year in the house of my kind friend, Mr. Hay, and when I was quite worn out with disappointments, being as far from any appearance of a settlement as ever, a proposal was made to me, by Mr. and Mrs. Hay, to accompany their son to France. I readily accepted the offer, but very undutifully neither consulted nor acquainted my parents about it, till it was too late: for I had left England almost as soon as they knew my intention. But never did a poor deluded creature repent any thing so much as I did this rash step. I then saw no danger; but when I now take a serious review of the six long years of bondage I endured in that strange land of *levity* and *guilt*, how melancholy does the retrospect appear! O, what a valuable portion of

the prime of my life did I there impiously squander. How far, very far, did I depart from God, and by my repeated and aggravated crimes provoke him to his face! And, yet—(O love inexpressible, long suffering past all comprehension!) I was not consumed. Though I was frequently brought, by severe fits of sickness, to the verge of the grave, his supporting arms were underneath, snatching me in the critical hour from the jaws of destruction—" that in me (He) might shew forth all long suffering, for a pattern to them which should hereafter believe on him to life everlasting" (1 Tim. i. 16). So dreadfully puffed up was my Pharisaical heart, that if an angel from Heaven had told me when I embarked for France, that I should there depart from God in the manner I really did, both in heart and practice, I verily believe I should have flatly contradicted him. I am now firmly persuaded that such an awful lapse as I then experienced, was absolutely necessary to make me humble and circumspect. I bless God, whose prerogative alone it is to bring good out of evil, that

with infinite wisdom and love, he hath so ordered this circumstance as in a great degree to produce the desired effect. If I can trust my own heart in any thing, I now dread the thought of being left to myself as the worst of evils. But God forbid that I, or any professor of Christianity, should ever take encouragement from this "to do evil that good may come" (Rom. iii. 8). I here solemnly declare I would not be again in such a dangerous state as I then was for several years in France for millions of worlds. If God had not mercifully preserved my life, and given me timely repentance, how awful would have been the consequences! During the first year of my abode in France, I was so constantly employed in the study of the language, the mathematics, &c., that I was not so much exposed to those temptations which afterwards proved so fatal to me. But being deprived of the conversation of pious people, and of all the public means of grace, such a coldness and deadness of soul ensued, to every thing of a spiritual nature, that the fear of God and the power

religion gradually wore off my mind, til a broad and easy way was made for the mischief that succeeded. Had I urned to my native country with the rson who took me out, it would have en a happy circumstance; but, to my eat regret, Mrs. Hay, who had hitherto en my best friend, now became my eatest enemy, and was so inveterately epossessed with a false notion that I had used her son, that all the arguments I uld possibly use never altered her inion. But God, who sees the hearts d actions of men, knows I was unjustly used. The breach was several times ade up, through the medium of her son, d an intimate French acquaintance; but e enmity in her heart against me still mained, and we finally parted. She ed several months afterwards in the ne place; and, though I shewed her all ssible respect during that interval (and ery body that knew her blamed her nduct with respect to me), yet so strongly s the prejudice rooted, that she went to ngland with her son, and left me behind

to shift for myself in the centre of a strange country, at least eight hundred miles from home, with nothing more than my half-pay to subsist on. I then thought this would have been sufficient, but a few years trial convinced me to the contrary. Mr. Hay, the father, notwithstanding what had happened, still continued my friend, and some time after sent me sufficient money to carry me home. Unhappily for me, ere this help came, I had been unwarily led into a fatal connection, which I had no inclination to break off, and Satan had so effectually blinded my eyes that I wrapped myself up in a golden dream of ease and pleasure, and determined to spend the remainder of my days in France. But when I awoke from this slumber a few years after, and saw my error, I had not the means of returning to England. When Mrs. Hay left me to myself, I had not altogether forgotten the religion I imbibed at Chatham, which prevented me from plunging directly into an open course of sin. But Satan, who knew a much more effectual way to draw me over to his side

than by a direct attack, made use of fraud, and fatally succeeded in his cruel purpose. Had he tempted me at first to the commission of some flagrant sin, I probably should have spurned the tempter with horror. But he being too crafty for me gilded his bait so well, that I could not forbear swallowing it; and when the hook was well fastened, he led me wherever he pleased. O how fatal is the first deviation from the path of rectitude! Though it may perhaps appear so trifling as to be deemed innocent, yet, alarming thought! it is wrapped up with death and destruction, and may terminate in both. To set the subtlety of this enemy of souls in a clearer point of view, I will here select one instance out of many to delineate the multitude of insnaring traps he laid for me, and the artful insinuations he used to oblige me to break the vow I had made respecting card-playing. A thousand times was it suggested to me that I had made a rash vow. I had not been long in the country, before my French acquaintance, who saw I had an eager desire to learn the language, used every argument to persuade

me to play at cards, as the most effectual way of learning the common conversation: but I was not altogether so much off my guard as to be foiled by the first attack. I saw the force of their repeated arguments, but durst not yet comply with their requests. When I visited any neighbouring family, where my countrymen joined in the dance and at the card-table, while I obstinately declined these amusements (at least the cards), they were caressed and esteemed, whilst I was looked upon as a poor creature who had no education, who did not know the knave of clubs from the king of diamonds. This my proud heart could hardly bear, especially when looking over their shoulders, I have perceived that I knew the game much better than those who held the cards. I wonder I held out so long, for I was then altogether ignorant of Satan's devices in this matter. His plan of operation was so deeply laid, that I did not perceive it till God by his Spirit opened my eyes some years afterwards. And then by looking back, as near as I can recollect, these and the following methods the devil made

use of to insnare me. My greatest conflicts with this temptation were when I happened to be the fourth person in a company of select friends, and a party of cards was proposed, when there was no possibility of playing without me. Immediately followed the most earnest solicitations, not to deprive them of the pleasure of an innocent amusement. Perhaps two of the three would be female acquaintance, for whom I had a very sincere and tender regard. These latter, with a thousand insinuating and persuasive arts, would exert their utmost skill to engage me to a compliance; but still I was enabled resolutely to resist and avoid the snare. After this defeat, one might naturally think the enemy would desist from any further attack; but Satan is not so soon discouraged as many Christians are. He began a fresh onset from another quarter, in which, to my shame, he at last too well succeeded. It was hardly possible for me, had I been disposed, to avoid company; consequently I was every day an eye-witness to card-playing. It sometimes happened that one of the party being called

out of the room upon urgent business, would leave his cards and money upon the table, and earnestly beg of me to take his hand till he returned. The other players would back his solicitations, and use all the force of argument to induce a compliance. When I alleged my vow (for by this time I had been obliged in my own defence to acknowledge that I had made a very solemn one), they very artfully told me that they did not look upon the present circumstance as a breach of it: that the money and cards were not mine, but belonged to the person who had only begged of me to take them in his absence. Won, alas! by this argument, I at last consented. Conscience took the alarm, and grew clamorous: I endeavoured to silence it as well as I could, by replying that I was not playing for myself, but merely for the person who had left the room. This I did several times, till at last it happened that I lost all the person's money for whom I was playing. He not returning during this run of bad luck, some of the company would lend him money, and sometimes I

resorted to my own purse; till at length the cards grew so familiar to me by frequent repetitions of this kind, and the itch for gaming became so predominant; that, proceeding from one step to another, I at last persuaded myself that the vow I had formerly made was a very rash one, and not now to be regarded. This reasoning suiting my inclination, I broke through it with little or no remorse. Heaven left me to myself. Satan seized the reins, and drove me down the broad way to ruin; till, in a very short time, I ran to such a length that not only every week-day, but almost every sabbath-day, for two or three years together, I spent my time at cards, the billiard-table, or the theatre. Without the least regard to that sacred day, I constantly polluted it by indulgence in every carnal pleasure; and though my conscience did not fail to tell me it ought to be kept holy, and I was even so far convinced of it as to admonish others; yet so prevalent was the force of example, that I swam down the torrent of iniquity without interruption. It would be too tedious to enter into a minute detail of

my wicked practices at this time; neither would such a particular account be either useful or agreeable to some of my pious friends, who may perhaps hereafter peruse this narrative. Let it suffice that my time was almost wholly employed in gaming, dancing, and reading. The first of these was my bosom sin, in which I delighted, and to which I sacrificed many valuable hours. The second, with all that train of soul-deceiving amusements, and carnal pleasures beyond which Frenchmen in general have hardly any idea of happiness, I should have been constrained to pursue, even though my natural disposition had been averse to them. I was always fond of reading, and when once fairly set down to it, I read a great deal. But what may perhaps appear very strange to some, though certainly true, I received more real injury from this, than from the other two amusements. I kept a catalogue of the books I read during my stay in France, which amounted to about four hundred volumes, chiefly French and Italian authors; such as Voltaire, Rousseau, D'Alembert,

Le Tasse, L'Arioste, &c., &c. In English, I read Hume, and some others. In the perusal of these authors I bewildered my mind with a confused train of philosophical notions, and I gradually lost sight of the true religion, and all revealed truth; so that the grossest sins, which formerly seemed heinous, now assumed a very different aspect, and appeared to be nothing more than lawful gratifications. In short, I was prepared by these emissaries of Satan for the commission of almost any sin to which occasion or inclination might lead me. Not that I became altogether a convert to their atheistical principles; for, as I never could find any two of them exactly agree in any one thing, I naturally concluded they were all wrong. Still their poisonous notions so infected my mind, that from them I drew consequences of my own; plunged into an abstruse labyrinth of diabolical reasoning, and gradually began to doubt the authenticity of the Scriptures, the immortality of the soul, and even the existence of a God. Not that I ever acted from the full persuasion there was

no God, no future state, nor any truth in the Scriptures; but these things frequently appearing very dubious, I was kept in a kind of perplexing uncertainty, and acted from no principle at all, living just as a wicked heart and the "God of this world" chose to lead me. I well remember suffering a great deal about this time, from the tormenting fears that my soul would perish with my body. I saw no evil in what Christians called sin, and consequently had no dread on that account; besides, I had made a God of my own (when I could persuade myself there really was one), so merciful and so very kind, that I thought if I could but be assured my soul was immortal, I was pretty certain it would be happy. Nay, I so much dreaded the horrors of non-existence, that at times I was ready to wish there might be a hell of endless torment in which the soul should *live*, rather than that it should die with the body, and be buried in eternal night. I used frequently to say to a friend, who lived in the same house with me, that I would give any thing to know if my soul

were immortal. The following free translation* from my journal contains the genuine breathings of my soul, and gives a true picture of the unhappy state of my mind at this period. " The last day of December (1768). The sun is just set, and ere it again tinges the top of yonder mountains with its cheering rays, the past

---

* At this time the author wrote his journal in French. The original of the passage, part of which is here translated, is given, that it may be seen with what elegance and freedom he could express himself in that language.

Avant que l'astre brillant du jour ait doré le sommet des montagnes derriere lesquells il vient de se coucher, cette année (courte portion de la vie humaine) ne sera plus au nombre de celles que l'Etre Suprême a destiné à reparoître sur la scene, pour mesurer le durée de notre sejour ici bas. Je ne puis donc mieux employer le peu qu'il en reste qu'à reflechir sur la fin de mon existence qui s'approche avec tant de rapidité. Mille doutes s'élévent tour a tour dans mon âme et me font trembler! J'ignore ce que je suis; encore plus ce que je dois être. Si la mort doit detruire cette partie en moi qui pense, qui raisonne, et qui desire, avec tant d'ardour, d'être assurer de son existence dans un état futur, je suis un etre bien méprisable à mes propres yeux, au dela de toute expression malheureux! Si mon âme n'est qu'une organe du corps plus delicate-



161376

year (short portion of human life!) will no more be reckoned among the number of those which the Supreme Being has destined to measure the duration of our abode in this world! I cannot then better employ the little that remains of it than in seriously reflecting upon the end of my existence, which approaches with such con-

---

ment arrangée, dont les resorts nous sont meconnus, mais qui doit tomber en poussiere avec les autres, et rentrer dans le néant, que je dois maudire le jour qui m'a vû naître, et que je dois entretenir une idée bien effrayante de celui qui ne m'a doué de la faculté de penser que pour me faire mieux concevoir sa toute puissance exercée pour causer mon malheur. O mort! si ton pouvoir s'etend jusqu'a ce point, que j'ai bien lieu de te redouter! perdre tout d'un coup me esperances flatteuses d'une immortalité! Tomber dans un moment de cet état de perfection où je me plaçois apres cette vie, dans toutes les horreurs du néant! Quel horrible changement! Se peut-il, Grand Dieu! que tu nous aies formé de la sorte?— Non. Regarder l'homme dans ce point de vue c'est t'outrager; un pareil ouvrage n'est jamais sorti de tes mains. Ta bonté se manifeste dans tout ce que tu as fait; l'homme sera-t-il le seul objet de ta haine? N'est tu pas l'auteur de son existence? Lui refuser l'amour paternel n'est pas compatibles avec ton essence. C'est ton image; et tu l'aimes, voila la source inepuis-

stant rapidity. A thousand doubts arise, one after another, in my soul, and make me tremble! Ignorant of what I now am, and still more so as to what I shall be. If death is to destroy in me this part which thinks, which reasons, and with so much ardour breathes after an assurance of its existence in a future state, what a despicable being

---

able de ma consolation. C'est là ce que me soutient dans tous les revers de la vie. Viens maintenant, o mort, quand tu voudras, toutes les horreurs ne m'effrayent plus! Mon Createur m'aime. Il a placé en moi lui-même un desir ardent apres l'immortalité. Il doit le satisfaire un jour, ou tromper un malheureux qui ne se fie qu'en lui, mais comme il est incapable de tromper je n'ai que des sujets de rejouissance tout autour de moi. La brieveté de la vie dont je me plaignois si amerement me menera plutôt dans le sein de la beatitude après (pour) laquelle j'ai tant soupiré. La mort que j'ai tant redoutée n'est que la barriere qui m'en separe, une fois rompue, toutes mes craintes seront dissipées, et tous mes malheurs finis! Insensés que nous sommes! nous voyons la plupart des choses à rebours. Ce que nous desirons le plus est souvent ce qui nous est le plus pernicieux; et ce que nous fuyons avec tant de soin, nuit rarement a nos veretables interets. Helas! dans ce monde nous marchons dans le ténebres, au dela du tombeau tout est clareté.

do I appear in my own eyes! Beyond all expression miserable! If my soul is nothing more than an organ of my body more delicately wound up, whose secret and wonderful movements lie beyond the reach of human conception, but which notwithstanding will one day moulder into dust with the rest, and return to its primitive nothing—how much reason have I to curse the day in which I was born! And what a horrid idea I must entertain of Him who has only endued me with the faculty of thinking, that I may better conceive his Almighty power thus exerted to make me wretched? O Death, if thy dominion extends to this dreadful length, I have too much reason to tremble at thy approach! What! lose all at once my flattering hopes of immortality, fall in one moment from that state of perfection where I fondly placed myself after this life, into all the horrors of non-existence? Dreadful thought!"

I generally concluded such reflections as these with arguments to prove the immortality of the soul, and drew a species of real

comfort from them; but my doubts and fears were far from being removed: they frequently returned to grieve me, and perhaps would have been more intolerable had I not drowned them in pleasure and dissipation. This was a sad remedy; but I thought it the best that could be applied in such a case, when I had no one near to give me better advice. I believe very few of God's people have been permitted to plunge so deeply into the sea of sinful levity and worldly pleasure as myself; but, by the grace of God, being now drawn out of it, I feel impelled to stand up as an experienced witness, loudly to proclaim its total inability to administer one single grain of substantial happiness. It may, and too often does, silence for a while, the unwelcome checks of conscience, and please the fancy with a multitude of empty dreams and promises which are never realized. In its amusements time may imperceptibly steal away in mirth and laughter, but I never could find it stand the test of one hour's serious reflection. In health, without the restraints of religion it is next to im-

possible to withstand its allurements. In sickness its aspect is deformed and disgusting, and the thought of it gives pain instead of pleasure. In death, no sight is so horrid and tormenting as a life spent in such vanity; it is the earnest of future and eternal misery. O how different, and how much more to be prized, is that pure unsullied pleasure which flows from a life of faith in the Son of God! In the hour of trial it will stand the strictest scrutiny. It acquires fresh lustre at the approach of sickness, sweetens the bitter cup of death, and transforms all its terrors into joys. Jesus will at last crown this grace with glory, and eternity will never witness its termination. Whatever portion of such heavenly pleasure I might have formerly enjoyed, I certainly was an entire stranger to it now. The various foolish pastimes, carnal pleasures, and sinful gratifications, in which the children of this world continually indulge, engrossed all my attention. I was firmly persuaded that if happiness was to be found in this world, it must be in such a life. Satan had so effectually

blinded my eyes in this and many other respects, that I saw nothing of the gulf of sin into which I was now plunged, and consequently I had no dread of danger. Nay, so far was I from this, that I thought myself as safe as ever I had been; and what may perhaps appear very strange, notwithstanding I was thus far gone into sin, I continued to pray twice a day, and every morning read a chapter in the Bible, supinely thinking while I did so all was well. When, God knows, such prayers as mine, so far from being acceptable, are an abomination in his sight. So little was my heart engaged in them, that I have not only found it for the most part thinking on something else, but frequently detected it so deeply engaged in a party of whist, or in a game of billiards, that I have left off pronouncing words, and never recollected what I was about till some sudden turn in the game, or unusual change of thought, would rouse me to reflect that I had kneeled down to pray.

Being, by the grace of God, now brought to my right mind, and enabled to take a

clear view of my daring provocations against him, and of his unbounded mercy in not cutting me off, when wilfully transgressing his holy law; or even in the midst of such sinful prayers as these, I am filled with wonder and astonishment that I should love him no more. It is the grief of my soul that I cannot render unto him that thankful heart which I know is more than due for his great forbearing love towards me. How often, while in this state of real rebellion against him, was I brought by severe fits of sickness to the very brink of the grave! And yet a secret something, which I could not then rightly comprehend, sweetly whispered that I should not die. Out of how many perils did he deliver me! And from what dangers was I wonderfully rescued! I will mention one out of many, as an instance of his protecting goodness. I was riding one evening along a very rugged road with a son of the Duke of N——s, and two or three more of my giddy companions. My horse, when at full gallop, stumbled, and threw me over his head, to a distance of several paces, among the stones,

without my receiving the least hurt; though any one, who witnessed the circumstance, must have concluded my death to be inevitable: and no doubt this would have been my fate, if the hand of God had not interposed. Surely his fatherly care was evidently shewn towards me in repeated instances of this kind; but in nothing so much as in bringing me out of that dreadful state of security and sin into which I was voluntarily plunged. The gracious work, from first to last, was entirely his own. He rejected my plan, and used another of his own appointment. Therefore I shall endeavour to be particular in this part of my narrative; and may the whole glory redound to Him to whom alone it is due. About two years before I was delivered from this worse than Egyptian bondage, the Lord implanted in my heart such a strong desire to return to my native country, that nothing could divert my thoughts from the subject; that I had little or no relish for most of those carnal pleasures, in which I formerly took so much delight. I retired from company, and grew mopish

and melancholy. But when, like the prodigal, I came seriously to consider about ways and means to return to my earthly father's house (for as yet I had no desire to return to my heavenly Father), I became completely miserable, from the seeming impossibility of ever accomplishing my desires. I grieved and pined so much from this melancholy reflection, that my health began to be greatly impaired: I did not, however, remain inactive, but used every method that I could possibly think of, though in vain, to extricate myself from a thraldom that was now become intolerable. The principal obstacle that lay in the way, was my pecuniary embarrassment. How to discharge my debts, employed my daily thoughts. My father, with all the bowels of paternal love, offered to do his utmost for me; but without essentially hurting himself and family, it was not in his power fully to extricate me. I was foolish enough to attempt to save a sufficiency for this purpose out of my half-pay; but a very short time convinced me, that that, with the greatest possible economy, was hardly

sufficient to keep me from running further into debt. I then turned my thoughts another way, and endeavoured by a close application to gaming, to amass as much money as would just discharge what I owed, and carry me home to England. I sometimes had very sanguine hopes of succeeding, till at length the fancied Babel came tumbling down about my ears, and almost buried me in the ruins. By constantly dabbling in the French lotteries, I lost my ready cash, and at the conclusion, found myself twenty pounds worse than when I began. The last resource to which I flew, proved by far the most tedious and laborious; but it gave me much more flattering hopes than either of the others. It not only promised to procure me the necessary assistance, but puffed me up with imaginary notions of honour and of gaining a shining name in the literary world. Spurred on by these prevailing motives, it is surprising what I went through in a close application to study for the space of a year and a half, in order to accomplish my design. Perhaps few En-

glishmen ever gave themselves half the trouble I did to acquire a thorough knowledge of the French language. Many a morning has the rising sun found me worn out with poring over my grammar and other rudiments of this tongue:—Till by perusing such numbers, and making my own comments upon them, for three or four years, I imbibed the true spirit of them all; and having, from a constant and extensive correspondence, acquired some accuracy of style and facility of expression, I began to write short Essays on various subjects, both in prose and verse, particularly the latter, of which I was very fond. Some of these being handed about among my acquaintance were generally applauded; more I believe from French politeness, than because they really merited it. This however had such an effect on my vain mind, as urged me not only to continue composing, but now and then to publish some pieces in the periodical pamphlets that were constantly teeming from the press. These being generally well received, I was induced to look a little further still, and

from an anecdote in the history of Scotland, laid the plan of a tragedy. I contrived the plot, fixed upon the characters, measured the acts, sketched out some of the scenes, &c., without any intention at first of making it a finished piece; but when I shewed it to some very intimate friends, they advised me to execute the plan I had so accurately laid down; and painted, in such a pleasing manner, not only the profit, but the great honour that would accrue to me from such a performance, that I was induced to commence the work immediately, big with the most sanguine hopes that in a very short time I should be able, by the strength of my own genius, to work out a glorious deliverance from that state of bondage into which my own folly had brought me. Poor, proud, insignificant worm! This empty bubble supported me for eighteen months, and kept me all that time so constantly writing, that a severe pain in my breast was the consequence, which I feel to this very hour, and probably shall through life. When I had finished this mighty work, from which

such great things were expected, I gave it to be corrected by a great connoisseur in the French language, who found such a number of faults in it, and advised me to make so many alterations and amendments, that the second effort proved full as laborious as the first. But the hopes of success supported a weak body, and carried me quite through it. I then sent my Tragedy, completely finished, as I imagined, to be perused by an author at Paris, well known there among men of letters, for his ingenious works. To his judgment I thought I might safely submit, and it proved so favourable, that I was quite elated, and thought myself sure, not only of its appearing, but succeeding on the stage. However, before this, I was advised to give it another revisal, which, though loath, I was obliged to do. In short, after much fatigue and labour, it was put into the hands of Monsieur le Kain, the first actor and manager of the theatre at Paris, where it remained several weeks, I all that time suffering the most excruciating suspense. At last the fatal sentence arrived,

couched in a few words:—That though there were some well executed scenes in it; there was also a stiffness of style, and many other blemishes, which would hinder its succeeding on the stage." This stunned me like a stroke of thunder. The disappointment was so great, I was hardly able to bear up under the intolerable load of grief that fell upon my mind, especially when my friend wrote me word from Paris, that unless I would give the manager money, and bribe some of the other principal actors, there would be no prevailing with them to bring my piece on the stage, even though it were preferable to many that were brought forward. This was a finishing blow; cut off all hope, and rendered every future attempt of amendment altogether needless. It was money I *wanted*, I had none to give away. I have been the more particular in relating every little incident concerning this matter, because by it I was reduced to the lowest possible distress. My body pained and emaciated; my soul bowed down under the weight of the most pungent sorrow, with the dismal

prospect before me of perishing at last in a strange land, far from every one that was near or dear to me. O the boundless mercy of that Being who beheld me in this woeful plight, and graciously brought me relief! While all my airy projects were ending in disappointment, he was planning effectual means for my deliverance; and just at the very crisis when my soul was sinking under its grief, and the balm of comfort was most wanted, he was at hand to administer it. For nearly the space of two years before this, by the close application I gave to writing, and an irresistible bias to a melancholy disposition, I had willingly dropped the greatest part of my worldly acquaintance, especially those of my own nation, and had formed a resolution to contract no new connection with any of them that might afterwards come to the place. But God had determined otherwise, and my weak resolves were soon thrown down to make way for him to work. A gentleman that lived in the same house, importuned me from day to day to visit an English lady, who had

been some time in the town, whose company he assured me I should certainly like, from the amiable qualities she possessed. Prevailed on by his repeated solicitations, I at last complied, and found her to be really what he had described. Her sweetness of temper, affability, and generous and humane disposition, were so attractive, that I could not forbear often repeating my visits, till by degrees I became her most secret bosom friend. My pride would never suffer me to mention to her the unhappy situation I was in, but her penetration pierced through a forced composure of countenance to the latent grief that was preying on my heart, and from some unguarded words dropped in conversation, she guessed at the real cause of my dejection, and immediately determined (as she has since told me) to embrace the first favourable opportunity of removing it. Some months afterwards she left the place to go to Italy, and desired I would take care of a few trifling things that were making for her in town, for which she could not wait, promising to send me money from Lyons to pay for

them. In a few weeks she sent me a considerable sum to pay for her things, and in the most engaging generous manner, insisted on my making use of the overplus to carry me to England. This, with the gift sent me by an indulgent father, was not only amply sufficient to pay my debts, but enough to defray the expense of travelling home. O my soul, stop here and admire the goodness, the exuberant goodness, of that gracious Being, who, in infinite love, sent this unexpected and seasonable supply to the most undeserving of all his creatures! and that (as I have already mentioned) at the distressing juncture when all my hopes of deliverance from every other quarter had entirely vanished. Who would not love such a God! How comes it to pass, O my unfeeling heart, that thou dost not love him more? Has he done so much for me, and shall I not love him? Yes, O blessed Jesus, under the influence of thy rich grace, my soul, my body, my time, my talents, and every thing I have, shall be wholly devoted to thee. Having thus obtained the means of returning home, I longed to set

off without a moment's delay; but was easily persuaded to stay a few weeks longer for some of my countrymen, who proposed going with me, that travelling might be made cheaper and more agreeable.

In the month of May, 1770, about three o'clock in the morning, I was released from my six years heavy bondage, and with a heart filled with joy, though not truly sensible of its mercy, I kneeled down on the stones, and in a very irreverent manner, with my laughing companions around me, thanked God for my deliverance. Happy would it be for me, could I now feel imprinted on my soul a more grateful sense of this unmerited favour. Before I land myself on English ground, let me take another cursory review of my mind at this rejoicing period. I know very well how it was, but find it altogether beyond my power to describe in any degree to my satisfaction. My confused brain was teeming with a multitude of philosophical notions, which I could not rightly digest; and from this rank soil that poisonous weed, *pride*, seemed to shoot up to an unusual

height, I now looked upon myself as one who, by dint of study and reflection, had entirely shaken off the prejudices of education, and got above the religion of the country in which I was born. I seemed free from the spirit of persecution, and did not hate those who firmly adhered to the Christian faith; but I looked down upon them with an eye of pity, as well-meaning people who knew no better. My religion I thought was now of the most refined description, thoroughly purged from every bigotted principle, and what all men of sense would readily approve: though it would puzzle an abler judgment than mine rightly to define what it was. I did not rely on my own works for salvation, neither did I trust to the merits of Jesus Christ. I believe my chief prop for Heaven was a wavering, unstable hope, that the Supreme Being (if there were any) would rather choose to make me happy, than eternally miserable. Amidst this confused crowd of hellish ideas, I frequently heard the murmuring of two distinct voices, which sometimes forced me

alternately to listen to them, and even obliged me to acknowledge the truth of what they said. The one an importunate visitor, very roughly told me, I was wrong; and when I endeavoured to convince him to the contrary, would grow so bold and clamorous, that, for the sake of a little peace, I was obliged as it were to stifle him for a time in the pursuit of some worldly pleasure; but I never could silence him altogether. The other I listened to with delight, while he sweetly whispered to me in the language of hope, that a day would come when I should alter my present way of thinking, and adopt one far better. This secret internal something, in a manner which I cannot describe, gave me friendly hints that my state was far from being safe, and that God would not suffer me to perish in it. In this frame of mind, as nearly as I can recollect, I arrived in England, after having spent six weeks at Paris, at the time of Louis the XVI.th's marriage, rolling in every forbidden pleasure, and delighting without remorse in all the sinful gratifications which that polluted city could present

to its votaries. On my coming to London, I was so surfeited with those pleasures in which the world places its chief happiness, that for a time, I had no relish to partake any more of them; but God knows, that notwithstanding this, I had not the least desire after any thing that was good. My whole conduct and way of thinking were so visibly different from what they were when I left England, that all my former acquaintance, especially those at Chatham, could not forbear taking particular notice of the change. They that feared God, saw it with sorrow, and I believe prayed for me—(the Lord reward them for their prayers, for they were surely heard). To others it was a matter of satisfaction, and a good subject for mirth, to perceive that their former bigotted companion had effectually wiped off what they and I were now pleased to call the prejudices of religion. Upon my arrival in Scotland, it was still worse. A pious father and mother with sorrow of heart, soon remarked the melancholy change, which I had not hypocrisy enough to conceal. They so often repeated this expres-

sion: "France has been your ruin," that I began seriously to reflect, whether it really was so or not. Upon a strict examination of what I had experienced seven or eight years before, I could hardly persuade myself it was all a delusion: but was rather inclined to think there might be some reality in it; and if so, I naturally concluded I could not be right now, because nothing could be more clear than the difference there was between the state of my mind at that period and at the present. Notwithstanding these secret misgivings, I was both ashamed and loth to give up a system of religion, or I should rather say of irreligion, so well suited to my natural inclination, and probably should have carried it with me to the grave, if grace had not prevented. The chief cause why I afterwards discarded it, was, that God loved me, and would not let me keep it. The repeated admonitions of my pious relatives, to which I was forced to listen, helped greatly to confirm the suspicions about the safety of my state; and from one step to another, my doubts imperceptibly

increased, till at last I began to grow restless and uneasy. I sometimes wished I had never imbibed these pernicious principles, which still retained their chief seat in my heart. What seemed most to shake my suspicions at this time, was the remembrance of that Pharisaical disposition and spiritual pride with which I was puffed up when I left Chatham; and a secret and strong persuasion that God had thus left me on purpose, to root it out effectually, by shewing me how unable I was to stand when left to myself, and to what dreadful lengths I was liable to run. The reflections were accompanied by a pleasing hope that God would one day restore me to his favour, but how, or when, or where, this mighty change should be effected, I had no conception. So far from this, I was led to believe it a thing almost impossible: the whole bent of my mind so diametrically opposite to a practical reception of the truths revealed in the Gospel, that had it not been for this secret hope that encouraged me, I never should have attempted to search after them. I attended on the

means of grace. I read, I prayed, but my heart remained just as hard and insensible, and if possible more prone than ever to every thing that was bad. But God who is "rich in mercy, worketh and none can let." He, therefore, made use of such instruments as proved effectual to raze the foundation of all those false hopes and erroneous notions by which the Devil held me fast. The first things that made any evident impression upon me, were the pious letters of my Christian correspondents; though I could not then embrace what they advanced, yet I clearly saw its truth, and longed to be in their safe and happy state. I disputed with them, but it was with a kind of reluctance, and one thing has frequently struck me, that though I was well persuaded of my ability to stagger them by raising arguments, which I had picked up in disputing with the Roman-catholics, yet I never was permitted to make use of them. When I attempted it, a secret impulse from within seemed to whisper thus;—"What! turn advocate for Satan? Not content with

being blinded by him yourself, must you endeavour to delude others?" This, together with a kind of secret pride, lest my friends should think I was ten times worse than they at first imagined, prevented my throwing stumbling-blocks in their way. Though I was unwilling to yield to the force of my correspondents' arguments, yet I could not help being convinced that they were agreeable to the word of God, and I found they gained more and more upon me every day, till by the grace of Jesus they had imperceptibly created a secret and growing desire to be reconciled to the infinitely gracious Being, whom I was now made sensible I had most grievously offended. Blessed be the name of the Lord, he did not stop here. If he had, these slight impressions would soon have worn off, and I had now been either enduring torment, or, what is next to it, wallowing in sin. But his rich mercy followed me from one means to another, till my impenitent heart felt the power of his grace, was made willing to submit to his sovereign will, and to accept of free and

full salvation by a crucified Redeemer. I had been but a few months with my friends in Scotland, when I was unexpectedly ordered upon actual service, and obliged to repair to London with all speed. I arrived there in December, 1770, after a tedious and perilous passage by sea, having more than once or twice, experienced the goodness of God in delivering me from the most imminent danger. He had gracious purposes of love towards me, which were ripening apace, and just ready to be manifested. Some military business detained me in London nearly two months, in which interval, God was pleased to employ two very powerful means to break asunder the chains of darkness, by which Satan had long led me "captive at his will." The first was the unexpected and melancholy account of the death of a dearly beloved brother. He was my only brother, and I loved him as my own soul! The painful, though friendly stroke, fell with uncommon weight upon my mind, and a circumstance, somewhat remarkable, served to render it still more affecting. I received the gloomy communication upon nearly

the same spot where, seven or eight years before, we had taken our last affectionate farewell of each other. O how pungent and solemn was the thought! It preyed upon my soul, making me seriously reflect upon my latter end, and compelling me (though with dread) to look beyond the grave towards that awful and eternal state into which my dear brother had just entered. I now began in good earnest to see the vanity and dangerous tendency of those abominable and erroneous notions to which I had tenaciously adhered for several years. They now stood dressed in their proper colours, and loudly proclaimed their diabolical origin. A strong and restless desire to be savingly united to God and his people, drove them from the place they held in my heart, and evidently prevailed in their room. I saw the absolute necessity there was of such a Saviour as Jesus Christ, and was convinced there was no possibility of being saved any other way than by him. But not feeling as yet any love in my heart towards him, nor perceiving in his glorious person any thing that I thought would ever attract my affec-

tions, I grieved and mourned and wept; being well persuaded, that unless I loved Jesus Christ, there could be no hope of my salvation. Besides, I was as yet under the domineering power of sin, neither had the Lord shewn me its heinous nature, nor that most dreadful of all sights, my abominably wicked heart. *That* he reserved for another period. He seemed now to be drawing me to himself with "the cords of love." About a fortnight or more after my brother's death, while I continued in a mournfully disconsolate state of mind, because I could not love Christ, I dreamed a very distinct and remarkable dream, which had such a happy effect upon my heart, that I have ever since looked upon it as the principal means the Almighty was pleased to employ in bringing about my thorough conversion.

I thought I was sitting a little before daylight in the morning, with my deceased brother on the wall of the parish churchyard, where we had lived many years together. We remained silent for some time, and then he asked me if I would not

go with him into the church. I readily consented, and immediately rising up, walked with him towards the porch, or outer gate, which I thought was very large and spacious; but when we had passed through it, and came to the inner door that led directly into the body of the church, some way or other, but how I could not well conceive, my brother slipt in before me; and when I attempted to follow (which I was all eagerness to do), the door, which slid from the top to the bottom, like those in some fortified towns on the continent, was instantly let down more than half way, so that I now found it requisite to bend myself almost double before I could possibly enter. But as I stooped to try, the door continued falling lower and lower, and consequently the passage became so narrow that I found it altogether impracticable in that posture. Grieved to be left behind, and determined to get in, if possible, I fell down on my hands, and tried to squeeze my head and shoulders through; but finding myself still too high, I then kneeled down, crept, wrestled, and pushed

more eagerly, but all to no purpose. Vexed to the last degree, yet unwilling to be left outside, I came to the resolution of throwing off all my clothes, and crawling like a worm; but being very desirous to preserve a fine silk embroidered waistcoat which I had brought from France, I kept that on in hopes of being able to carry it in with me. Then laying myself flat on my face, I toiled and pushed and strove, soiled my embroidered waistcoat, but could not get in, after all. At last, driven almost to despair, I stripped myself entirely, and forced my body between the door and the ground, till the rough stones and gravel tore all the skin and flesh upon my breast, and (as I thought) covered me with blood. Indifferent, however, about this, and perceiving I advanced a little, I continued to strive and squeeze with more violence than ever, till at last I got safely through. As soon as I stood upon my feet on the inside, an invisible hand clothed me in a long white robe, and as I turned round to view the place, I saw

a goodly company of saints (among whom was my brother), all dressed in the same manner, partaking of the Lord's supper. I sat down in the midst of them, and the bread and wine being administered to me, I felt such seraphic joy, such celestial ecstacy, as no mortal can express. I heard a voice call me three times by name, saying I was wanted at home. My joy was so great and overcoming, that it soon broke asunder the silken bands of sleep, and made me start up in my bed, singing the high praises of God.

So much was I impressd by this remarkable dream, that from this day I was enabled to begin an entirely new life, which (as I advanced in the saving knowledge of divine things) proved as different from the life I had led for several years back as it is possible any two opposites can be. Old things were now done away, and all things became new. Not that I obtained a complete victory over my domineering sins all at once, or renounced all my false opinions in one day; but a bitter and eternal war was instantly declared against the one, and

as God made the discovery to me, I let go the other. My mind was gradually enlightened to comprehend the glorious and important truths of the everlasting gospel, and the eyes of my understanding were so opened to discern spiritual things, that I now read my Bible with wonder and astonishment. I paused almost at every sentence, ruminating within myself; and could hardly be persuaded whether or not I had ever read many of the passages before, so amazingly were they opened, and so very different did the meaning of them appear to be from what I had previously apprehended. The sweet and comfortable impression which this dream left upon my mind for many days, encouraged and inspired me with fresh vigour in the pursuit of heavenly things. I now plainly saw I had long strayed in the wilderness of error, and was fully and delightfully convinced the good Shepherd had found me out, and was determined to carry me back again to his fold. But what is very astonishing, I did not yet perceive any sensible drawings of affection after him, or feel in my heart

that love and delight which, blessed be his name! I humbly trust, I have at times since sweetly experienced. Nor, till nearly a year afterwards, did I rightly conceive in any adequate degree what was meant by the intolerable burden of sin. But as the Lord increased and strengthened my faith, and shed abroad his love in my heart, sin, that accursed thing, grew blacker and blacker, till at last the sight became so odious, that had not he first very tenderly comforted me, I never could have borne what I felt of it in my own breast. While God continued gradually to initiate me in the divine life, and graciously condescended to give me brighter discoveries of his redeeming love, my spiritual enemies were not inactive. Many secret and dangerous snares were laid to entrap my soul, and hinder my progress in the heavenly road; but the God of boundless love and pity, who kindly beheld my critical situation, not only kept them from hurting me, but exerted in my behalf that power which is peculiar to himself, of bringing good out of evil. Many of Satan's schemes were

deeply laid, but none of them beyond a Saviour's penetrating eye; or I had never stood my ground. Among the repeated attempts made by this subtle foe to overthrow the work of grace in my soul, I will mention but one as a specimen of the rest; to enumerate them all would be an endless work. A few weeks after my dream, though I had every reason to fear being sent to the West Indies (as an officer who exchanged duties with me was), yet the Lord, whose watchful eye was over me, so overruled events, that I securely and speedily fixed among my former pious friends and acquaintance at Chatham, and to my great joy at last, happily united to the person I had loved for many years; in short, I was now more comfortably settled in life than I had ever yet been; freed from the pressure of poverty, and a number of other worldly cares and embarrassments, to which I had long been exposed. But here a vigilant enemy contrived his well-timed scheme, and brought it to a dreadful length erè I perceived the danger. Wrapping me round in the comforts of this

world, he found an easy passage into my corrupt heart, and insensibly drew away my affections in an eager, restless desire for the enjoyment of those poor, perishing vanities. So deeply was my attention at last engaged in this pursuit, and so effectually had the God of this world blinded the eyes of my understanding, that I not only began to lose a relish for spiritual things, and the believing view of heavenly objects, but a thick veil was likewise drawing over all that the Lord had just been doing for me; and had not his grace speedily prevented, I had undoubtedly fallen a prey to the snare of the enemy, and like Demas should entirely have forsaken the cause of a crucified Saviour. But I was suddenly aroused from my spiritual lethargy with a friendly, but severe stroke of this rod: so severe that to this day I feel the smart of it in my body, and probably shall carry the marks of it to my grave. It was nothing more at first than a little swelling on my neck about the size of a nut, of which for some time I took little or no notice, imagining it would go away,

as it came, without giving me any pain or trouble. But God seeing it was high time to afflict me, used this swelling as a rod, causing it to increase to such a degree that I was glad to have recourse to medical advice; but without effect. It enlarged inwardly, and gradually spread till it got below the clavicle, or collar-bone, and gave me so much pain that I was at last obliged to undergo the excruciating operation of having it cut; and after all, the infected part was found to be so deep there was no getting at the bottom to heal it by any outward application. It grew worse and worse, threw me every now and then into a fever, and by a constant and copious discharge emaciated my body, and reduced me to so low a state, that all who saw me naturally concluded it would soon put a period to my life. In this crisis, the happy effects which a God of love intended should flow from this affliction began to appear; the thoughts of death in my present state, lay with uncommon weight upon my mind, and caused such deep searchings of heart, that I was made willing to forsake all for

some comfortable hope of my eternal bliss by Christ Jesus. The world, that gilded vanity, which I had been sinfully hugging in my bosom, till it had well nigh destroyed me, now shrunk from my fond embrace, an ugly, deformed thing. I blushed to think I had been so mean as to place my affections one moment upon it, and resolutely determined for the future to give my heart entirely to God, who had an indisputable right to it. The finger of the Lord was so evidently manifest to me in this affliction, that I can truly say if ever I was in any degree thankful for any of his mercies, it was for this. At first indeed it was grievous, very grievous to bear, but as soon as I perceived its happy effects, and saw the absolute necessity there was for it (I desire to speak to the glory of his grace), I really in some measure delighted in my pain; seemed to enjoy it as a valuable thing, and blessed his holy name, for this soul-satisfying token of his fatherly love and care. Yet, strange to think, so strong is my natural propensity to doubt, that I frequently question whether God

ever loved me or not. Cursed sin! May that all-sufficient grace which has upheld me hitherto, now give me an entire dominion over it. Surely I, of all men, have no reason to doubt of the love of God, were I only to allege this affliction as a proof of it. When my wandering heart is too much drawn out after the objects of time and sense, a gentle stroke of this rod (which is still suspended over me) gives the friendly warning, puts me in mind of my latter end, and points towards heaven. O what a treasure is sanctified affliction. No sooner did I feel the happy effects of it upon my soul at this time, than I began with more earnestness than ever to seek after God. I longed for close communion with him; I delighted in his courts, and in the solemn assemblies of the more select company of his spiritual worshippers. In short, I could not rest till I had become in a more intimate and public manner, one of those despised people, whom, a few months before, I had looked upon with pity and contempt, as ignorant fanatics, deceiving themselves and willing to deceive

others. The people of God, of every denomination, poor or rich, now became to me, " the excellent of the earth," in whom was all my delight. I loved them from my heart because they belonged to Christ, and bore his image, and through his grace, I can do so still. I have not perceived my affection for them abated, and humbly trust I never shall. Surely nothing less than divine power could in the space of a few months have thus effectually overthrown the massy bulwarks of infidelity, which Satan had been continually strengthening for the space of six years in my corrupt heart, or have bent my vicious and stubborn will to embrace the self-abasing doctrines of the gospel. That such a change has been wrought, I am as certain as of my own existence, so likewise am I confident that it was not in the smallest degree attributable to any inherent strength of my own. God alone must have been the author of it. To him therefore be all the glory. Nothing but shame and confusion belongs to me, for having so ill requited a God of such boundless compas-

sion. He has done great things for me, I have done but little for him in return, yet still the same grace that began the work, has I trust hitherto carried it on; so that I can say with the apostle, "By the help of God, I continue unto this day." Before I conclude this feeble attempt to illustrate the freeness of Jesus's love to the most undeserving of all his creatures, I will just mention a few more of those marks of his tenderness and care which in great condescension he deigned to confer upon me, after he had mercifully called me from the tyranny of Satan into the happy freedom of the gospel. Some time before, and even after, I had joined a society of Christians, I frequently doubted the soundness of my conversion, and consequently the safety of my state, from not having keenly felt what I so often heard them talking about—terrors of conscience, deep convictions for sin, horrors of mind on account of the impending wrath of God, and the impossibility of entering the kingdom of heaven without feeling something of such emotions. It was not long before these

doubts and fears were graciously removed; but, as I have already hinted, in proportion as the love of Christ increased in my soul, a daily hatred to sin was excited. I gradually saw the dreadful consequences that attended it, and how odious it was in the sight of a pure and holy God. At these happy seasons when the Lord was pleased to give me any singular manifestations of his love, a holy tremor seemed to seize me, lest I should do any thing that might offend him. Whenever I was made sensible of sinning, either by omission or commission, in thought, word, or deed, the bitter tears, heavy groans, and excruciating pangs, of soul, I went through, till they were removed by a believing view of the atoning sacrifice of our Lord, no mortal can conceive but those who have experienced something of the same kind. And to this day, as I am never without sin, I can truly say it is a continual source of sorrow to me. It is a heavy burden under which I should soon sink if I did not experimentally know that Jesus died to save me from its reigning power, as well

as from the punishment it deserves. There was likewise another stumbling-block that lay several months in my way, which God in his own good time, in a very singular manner, was graciously pleased to remove. Undeserving as I am, he frequently blessed me in the use of the means of grace—particularly under the ministry of his word. But that pure and inexpressible joy which at those happy seasons made me pour contempt upon the world, and lifted me up almost to the third heaven, was too often snatched from me in an instant by the artful insinuations and suggestions of that grand deceiver, who never tires in perplexing God's people. He insisted that my feelings proceeded from nothing more than the eloquence of the preacher; the well-timed introduction of some applicable and affecting simile; the solemnity of the occasion; or the simple, but nervous and sublime style of the Scriptures, operating separately or unitedly on the natural disposition of the animal frame, melting me into tears, or exciting pleasing sensations, according to the then state of my mind.

To strengthen and enforce this plausible argument, the arch-fiend would boldly appeal to my own experience, and in triumphant language (as having quite nonplussed his weak antagonist), he would ask me the following questions: "Have you not felt the very same sensations when an eloquent actor in a masterly manner delivered some noble and lofty sentiment? Or when an affecting scene has been well executed? And when you have been reading romances, have you not frequently shut the book, unable to proceed, till you had dried up a flood of pleasing tears? Nay, more than all this, how often have the Roman-catholic preachers in France made you weep when you could not possibly assent to what they delivered? Were those sensations of a divine nature? Surely not! Neither have you any right to conclude that these are which you now experience." To this bold assertion I could give no satisfactory reply, only I could not help entertaining a secret thought that there was still some essential difference between the fleeting emotions of soul which

these imaginary subjects occasioned, and that pure and heartfelt joy which I sometimes experienced under the word of God, and other means of grace; but where that difference lay, I could not then distinguish, nor could I in any satisfactory manner make it out clearly to myself, that these inexpressible and heavenly effusions of soul, which led my mind and affections to God, flowed from the operation of his Holy Spirit: consequently I reaped but little comfort from them, and this the enemy, by his artful suggestions, instantly deprived me of, by calling them all in question, and filling my mind with perplexing doubts. But a compassionate Redeemer, privy to my distress, after a few months bondage, judging it full time to break the snare, brought double confusion on the devices of Satan, while he graciously and most effectually set my soul at liberty, by the following means:—

The 24th March, 1772, the Rev. Mr. P—y preached at the place of worship where I used constantly to attend, and afterwards administered the sacrament of

the Lord's supper. Having seldom failed to receive a blessing from his ministry, and having been greatly favoured during the past week with the presence of God in my soul, I now entered into his courts with praise, enjoying that peace and serenity of mind which the world, with all its pleasures, could never give me. I concluded I should certainly meet with my Saviour in this feast of his own appointing; experience inexpressible delight in nearer communion with him, and come away rejoicing. But, alas! how empty and uncertain are the most sanguine hopes of man! God's ways are not at all like our ways. He lifts up and he casts down, just when he pleases, though it be all in love to our souls, and for the manifestation of his own glory. I continued during the word preached in the same comfortable frame with which I entered. Christ was precious, and I longed and panted, and securely hoped, to have still clearer views of him in the sacrament. But no sooner had Mr. P—y begun to pray than such a sudden gloomy horror overspread my mind as no

guage can express. I appeared to self more like a fiend of darkness than a didate for mercy. I really was quite htened and knew not what to do, mbling at every joint for fear I should spheme my Creator. So soon as I was bled inwardly to express myself, this s my only cry; " Lord, let me not curse e! Lord, let me not curse thee!" No man tongue can describe the anguish of l and despondency of mind I suffered. the midst of this sullen horror, I cast eyes round upon the people of God, saw them drowned in a flood of holy rs; and, listening to the voice of the nister, I think I never in my life heard h force of expression; such nervous l rapturous eloquence, or such fervent athing after a blessing. It seemed as if holy violence he would bring down ven into the place. And yet, though I ened again and again, I still remained lurate and insensible. At last a secret ce from within, in a language more in and distinct than an audible one, s accosted me; " Where is the eloquence

of the preacher now? Where now that beauty of style; that all harmonious purity of diction which you foolishly imagined capable of procuring that internal peace and heavenly joy of which you are now totally bereft! Of what use is force of argument, affecting similes, or all the rhetoric of that pious prayer now sounding in your ears, without the all-quickening influences of the Holy Spirit? Can you now in such a distressing moment as the present, receive comfort from them? Listen, and try; or rather, dread to tempt an offended God, and from this day forward, learn never more to call in question the benign operation of that blessed agent upon your doubting soul!" Struck with this seasonable admonition from an awakened conscience, my horror of mind in a great measure began to subside. Reflecting that this might have been brought upon me to remove the doubts I had so long entertained of the powerful influence of the Holy Spirit, I took courage, and repeating several times, "Lord, I'll doubt no more," went with trembling knees and

an aching heart to receive the holy communion. I remained, however, cold and unaffected during the administration of the ordinance; and, though determined never to doubt again in the sinful manner I had done for some time past, I returned home in a very different frame of mind from that with which I entered the chapel. But, alas! it was a very short time before this diabolical spirit returned, and took as fast hold of my wicked heart as ever. So fast that this recent testimony of the Almighty against it was not sufficient to dispossess it. When I alleged it in my defence, Satan immediately insinuated, "It was but a negative proof at best, and could have no great weight in deciding the matter." In short, like Gideon of old, I would not be convinced until I had seen the fleece both wet and dry (Judges xi. 36—40).

O! my soul, here pause and reflect on the wonderful compassion of that God who graciously condescended to pity thine infirmity, and give thee a fresh and more convincing proof of his sovereign goodness

by shewing, beyond a doubt, the certainty of his Spirit's operation on the hearts of his chosen people in all ages!

Having, though brought up a presbyterian, a firm belief in the doctrines, and a strong attachment to the liturgy, of the church of England, on the 19th April following (1772), being Easter-Sunday, I went to a neighbouring parish church, where, unfortunately, the doctrines of the church were not taught from the pulpit, and but languidly read from the desk. The sacrament was to be administered that day, which, for many reasons, I had no thought of receiving. But God, who over-rules all things, ordered it otherwise for my special good, and for his own glory. Towards the close of the service, Satan, that busy insnaring foe, accosted my mind in language something similar to the following: "Ah, you are in the right to avoid communicating here. Here is no Mr. P—'s eloquence, or heavenly fervour in prayer to move your passions. No tears shed by the communicants within these walls to make yours flow. No feeling

what you are pleased to call the operations of the Holy Spirit in such a formal place as this. For you know, and dare not deny, that you never were once blessed under the ministry of the word *here*, as you have been elsewhere! Were you now to make the experiment, and kneel down at the Lord's table, you would find yourself altogether cold, lifeless, and unaffected: a plain and demonstrative proof that the pleasing sensations you sometimes experience at *meeting*, are merely the effect of passions worked up into a more than ordinary warmth, owing chiefly, perhaps, to the minister's working up his own to such a violent degree and thereby inflaming a number more, as susceptible as yourself —all deceived alike. There is no such thing as being influenced by the Spirit of God now; that privilege ceased with the apostles, and it is mere presumption to think you can in these latter days know or feel the operations of that divine Agent upon your mind."

Grieved to find the enemy of my soul thus tempting me, and my corrupt heart

giving too great credit to what he alleged, I leaned my head down upon the pew, and prayed fervently to God that he would in mercy rebuke this subtle adversary, and deliver me from his thraldom; that if it were agreeable to his will, he would prepare me, an unprepared guest, and I would humbly venture to approach his holy table in hopes of meeting with a blessing there, contrary to the lying insinuations of my enemy. An inward feeling of approbation urged me to go. I was not disobedient to this secret impulse, but went with a humble, though sanguine, hope of seeing by the eye of faith, that dear Redeemer whose death I was now about to commemorate. I was not disappointed. Happy! thrice happy day! O may it be marked as a sacred memorial of the superabundant goodness of an indulgent God towards an ungrateful, rebellious creature. O, the heavenly joy and internal peace I this day experienced! No mortal tongue can fully express it. I could say, the flesh of Christ (in a spiritual sense) was "meat indeed," and his blood "drink indeed."

Firmly persuaded he had laid down his life for me, I found my cup run over. I could hardly refrain from publicly breaking out in his praise as I walked along the streets, and when I got home entered my room and shut the door, O, what a flood of pleasing tears composed my prayer! I could hardly for some time utter two distinct words together. The first coherent sentence I pronounced was "Indeed, Lord, by thy grace, I will never doubt any more." "Lord, help me." And hitherto he has so answered my prayer, that I have no more doubts from this quarter. Satan, though very busy with me in other respects, seems as it were ashamed or afraid to assault me here. For many weeks after this remarkable conflict, I walked in "the light of God's countenance," enjoying a heaven upon earth.

As I have every reason to praise God for the peculiar favours just mentioned, so ought I also to bless and magnify his holy name as the hearer and answerer of prayer generally. I can boldly say, from my heart, I have truly found him such, and

never more so than when he has refused a direct and immediate grant of my petitions. For then I have frequently seen in the issue that I had ten times more reason to thank him for the refusal than if he had at once granted me what I asked. I will just mention one instance of this kind as a specimen of many, previously observing that when clear views of divine truth were first imparted to me, I frequently prayed that whenever he called me to embark in a man-of-war (that dreadful abode for a Christian, which I had long inhabited), I might even there find some serious person to converse with, who, by good advice, and a pious example, might be the means of preventing me from falling. But this prayer I had for some time neglected to offer up, and indeed had entirely forgotten; though God had not, as will be seen by the sequel. About forty years ago, when I was a subaltern in the royal marine corps, two other officers and myself were ordered to embark, one in each of the three guard-ships then stationed in the Medway. Two of them lay close to the Dock-yard, afford-

ing at all times easy access to the shore; but the other, the Resolution of 74 guns, was moored half way down the river, towards Sheerness, from whence in winter and bad weather it was troublesome to land, and sometimes impracticable. For this reason it was natural for each of us to wish for one of the Chatham ships, and strong interest was accordingly made by us respectively, with the commanding officer for this purpose. But he finding he must necessarily disoblige one of the three, ordered us to attend the parade next morning, and draw lots for our ships. This of course drove me to my strong hold, and if ever I prayed with fervency in my life it was now. I pleaded hard with the Searcher of hearts, that he knew my chief motive for desiring one of the Chatham ships was, that I might constantly attend the means of grace, and the ordinances of his house, and I felt confidence that if I really was a child of God, he would grant my request—since the "lot thus cast into the lap" was wholly at his disposal! The important morning came, and I drew the dreaded

ship, down the river. Had I drawn my death warrant, I hardly think it would have affected me more. My prayer was now apparently rejected, and the enemy of souls taking advantage of the agitated state of my depraved heart, easily made me draw the conclusion, that either I was no Christian, or that God paid no attention to those who professed to be such. In this gloomy desponding state, like a criminal going to execution, I embarked the same forenoon in His Majesty's ship Resolution, lying in a dreary part of the Medway, about two or three miles from Sheerness. I had just time to be introduced to the officers in the ward-room, when dinner came in. The third Lieutenant happening to be caterer that week, of course stood up at the head of the table, and asked a blessing; but with so much seriousness as quite astonished me; for being well acquainted with the customs of the ward-room in a king's ship, I had never heard any thing of the kind so solemnly pronounced there before, and I determined to mark every word that pro-

ceeded from that gentleman's lips, in the hope of hearing something that might enable me to ascertain his character: nothing decisive occurred during dinner, but no sooner was the wine placed upon the table, than he was attacked by several of his messmates on his religious sentiments, and soon discovered that he bore the genuine marks of a true Christian, by his judicious reproofs, and the very able manner in which he confuted all their infidel arguments. Wishing, I suppose, to know what spirit I was of, they frequently appealed to me for the truth of what they advanced; but having always decided against them, I was imperceptibly drawn into the disputation on the side of the caterer. When the allowance of wine was drunk (for it was a sober well regulated mess) the purser rose and broke up the company, exclaiming with an oath, "Our new messmate is as great a Methodist as Tomlinson*. I

* Lieutenant Tomlinson was a pious, sensible, and well informed man, then well known in the Christian world. He was long a commander in the navy, and

smiled, well pleased to be associated with such a man. As two needles touched with the loadstone, when they fall near to each other among chaff, will soon come together, so this Methodist Lieutenant and I myself speedily came into contact. After having exchanged a few questions, we went down to his cabin in the gun-room, had an hour's comfortable conversation, and concluded with prayer, although a few hours before we had never seen one another's faces. This singular circumstance could not fail to bring to my recollection, the prayer I had so culpably forgotten, now completely granted, and I began to be reconciled to the ship Providence had assigned me; but that God, who abounds in goodness, and delights in mercy, never confers his favours by halves. A few days had hardly elapsed, when an order came

---

would have been high among the admirals, had he not disobliged the Admiralty of that time, by publishing a plan for manning the navy without pressing, which that Board would not countenance. I enjoyed his friendship for many years.

from the Admiralty, to send the Resolution up to Chatham, and one of the ships there to take her place. This was such welcome news to all on board, that lest the order should be countermanded, we obeyed it the same day, for the wind and tide favouring, we weighed, and came to an anchor off the Dock-yard before two o'clock. Thus my prayer at first, apparently rejected, was now completely answered, but it was in the Lord's way. Had mine been attended to, and I had drawn the ship that afterwards went down the river, I should have been miserable. So true it is, we "know not what to pray for as we ought."

As God had thus been very merciful in *not* granting my requests in my own way; so likewise has he been remarkably gracious at other times, in hearing and answering my petitions. An instance or two will be sufficient to establish this soul-comforting truth. Some time ago, finding my heart and affections (as alas! I too frequently have done since) very much carried away after the perishing things of

the world, my zeal abating, and my love for spiritual things growing cold and languid, and, of course, my joy and peace in believing almost entirely vanished, I tried every means to remove the growing evil; went from duty to duty, made resolution upon resolution, wrestled and prayed, but all to no purpose. The love of the world seemed to prevail over the love of Christ. At last, weighed down under the heavy burden, and almost ready to give over, I prayed fervently to God, that as he had formerly blessed afflictions to me in this respect, I should now be willing, were it consistent with his will, that he should use that means to disentangle my heart from the world, and direct it to the proper object of its love. The very next day, I was laid up with a fever, and before I recovered, the world in a great measure lost for a time its alluring charms. I am far from justifying this method of prescribing to the Lord; but in this instance it is evident he heard my prayer.

At another time I prevailed upon one of my brother officers, a most notorious

swearer, to go to worship with me, and we had just sat down in the pew, when I put up a mental prayer that the preacher might be led to say something against swearing, that might be useful to my companion; and while I endeavoured to recollect some text of Scripture that was against this vice, the third commandment immediately presented itself with full force to my mind. I thought if this were but pronounced with solemn energy and power from the pulpit, what good might it not do? Accordingly, towards the close of the sermon, which, by the bye, seemed quite foreign from what I had been meditating upon, the preacher began to reprove the odious vice of swearing, and was a full quarter of an hour demonstrating with uncommon eloquence, and convincing arguments, its sinfulness, meanness, unprofitableness, and dangerous consequences, and at last concluded by repeating the third commandment with such solemnity, that it forced the whole auditory into the most serious attention, while I re-

joiced to think the Lord had graciously condescended to hear my prayer, in a manner so admirably calculated to impress the conscience of my profane companion.

# CONTINUATION

OF THE

# GENERAL'S HISTORY,

INTERSPERSED WITH

# EXTRACTS FROM HIS JOURNALS.

THE preceding Narrative brings down the Author's history to the middle of his thirtieth year, the 24th of March, 1772. We must now proceed through the remainder, chiefly by the aid of his journals; in which, as he had been accustomed to do from an early age, he continued to notice all the material occurrences of his life. Nothing which he deemed deserving of being recorded, seems to have happened for a considerable time after the period at which the narrative closes. In the following year, he determined to include in his future journals, not only a register of ex-

ternal transactions and circumstances, but accounts of his progress or decline in the Christian life, and of the pains and pleasures arising from the conflicts experienced in his mind between error and truth, sin and grace. The extracts we shall introduce from these papers, and the use we shall make of them in those parts, which admit or require abridgment, will render him still, in a great measure, his own biographer. We cannot better commence our continuation of Lieutenant Burn's history, than with the introduction to this new series of journals: and as this part of his life appears to have been diversified only by internal anxieties and enjoyments, we shall proceed to transcribe some other passages, written at various times during his residence at Chatham; which contain particular descriptions of his religious views and feelings, and exhibit him as a vigilant self-observer, mindful of that injunction of heavenly wisdom, "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life."

August 15, 1773. In the year 1771,

the Lord, in a gracious and more effectual manner than I had ever before experienced, having been pleased to enlighten my mind, by the blessed illumination of his Holy Spirit, to see the reality and importance of the glorious and mysterious truths revealed in the Bible; and to direct my soul to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world: I have frequently thought it might be useful, to commit my experience to paper: but through one impediment or other, I have always put it off till this day. And now, by the grace of God, the heaven of heavens, where God my Saviour reigns, and where thousands of my brother sinners are already arrived and entered into bliss, being the happy port towards which I am steering; I am determined to keep an exact journal of my voyage through the tempestuous ocean of this life, where nothing but rocks and sands and shoals present themselves on every side; in order that one day's experience may, under God, be a kind of guide to the next, and that after I shall have finished my course, and safely arrived at home, others who come

after me may see the ruin into which I had well nigh fallen, and take timely warning. But before I begin, let me earnestly beg of God, that his Holy Spirit may be my constant instructor and pilot; that always diffident of my own skill, I may never venture to proceed on my voyage without his special direction, and the sweet influence of his auspicious gales, lest I should suffer loss, and be driven backwards instead of forwards. Oh that the blessed Jesus would grant that every day I might sail with as prosperous a gale as I have this day! How good, how kind, how astonishingly gracious, has he been to my unworthy soul on this day of rest! Delightful prelude to that eternal sabbath of bliss, which I humbly trust, through his blood and righteousness alone, I shall ere long enjoy in a world above! When I went out in the morning to the house of God, my mind seemed composed, and enjoyed, as it were, beforehand, the glad sound of the everlasting gospel. But when in the sanctuary, O! what pleasure in praying, and praising, and listening to the overtures of a merciful

God and Father in and through the Lord Jesus Christ! And when the service was over, as I returned home through the fields, the Lord blessed me in such a manner, that " my cup ran over," I could hardly support myself under the transporting pressure of such ecstatic joy, such unutterable rapture. A carnal world may laugh at these expressions, and call them enthusiastic: but all the men upon earth will never convince me, but that I then really experienced a joy to which all that the world calls joy can bear no comparison; nor can they persuade me but that the source from which this joy sprang, was truly scriptural and evangelical. My eyes directed toward Heaven, and my heart breathing out fervent desires after a spiritual sight of an all-sufficient Saviour; I was imperceptibly led to reflect, that far beyond the blue canopy so magnificently extended over my head, that same Saviour was undoubtedly seated at the right hand of Jehovah, and pleading for poor, guilty, helpless me. This thought struck me with such compunction of soul, and in-

fused into my breast such a sweet and full assurance of eternal bliss, that, as I have already mentioned, feeble flesh and blood could hardly stand under it. I walked along, praising God with such ecstacy of soul, that it brought to my remembrance a carnal notion I have frequently had, of the employment of the saints in heaven. Before I knew what the sweets of religion were, I never could rightly conceive how the blessed hosts above could find so much pleasure in continually worshipping around the throne: surely, I thought, they must some time or other be tired, or at least, by way of relaxation, seek to vary their employment. But how differently did I think now! What worlds would I have given to remain always in such a frame as this! The idea that these was such a praising state of bliss, that would never have an end, ravished my soul. I could not help crying out aloud to the inanimate things around me,—Now I know what the joy of saints and angels means, and no longer wonder that they continually cry, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty,

which was, and is, and is to come;" and unweariedly repeat, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing." O! that I were among them!

August 22. Any one who should take a view of the state of my mind, as described in the foregoing passage, would naturally think I was a very happy Christian indeed, and knew not what it was, to pass through the difficult and gloomy part of the road that leads to Heaven. But he would be very much mistaken: for God and my own soul knew, that for one comfortable step I take, I go ten mourning and sorrowing. The bright and ravishing gleams of God's love to my soul are so soon clouded by the workings of a deceitful heart, and that sinful nature which I carry about me, that I am presently left, without the light of his countenance, to grapple my way in the dark through a sea of doubt and dejection. I hate sin; blessed be the name of the Lord: but I am every day sinning, in thought, word, or deed, by omission and

commission; and then a murmuring conscience, and a tempting and accusing Devil, so beset me, that the burden of sin becomes intolerably heavy. And when at this season my faith should be particularly in exercise, it is so very weak, so little, and mixed with so many doubts and fears, that it can hardly be called faith. I believe that the blood of Jesus is sufficient to take away all sin; but when I would go to him for pardon, the devil throws a stumbling-block in my way, that this is making Christ the minister of sin. Though my soul abhors the very idea, yet I too often hearken to the deceiver, and, for fear of abusing God's mercy, neglect going hourly to Jesus for remission. O Christian, whoever you be that may read this, beware of mistake here, and pray fervently to God for his Holy Spirit to direct you how to shape your course between these two shoals. Never sin, because grace abounds: never be deterred by Satan, as I have been, from going continually to Jesus Christ for remission.

September 12. Among the many ene-

mies that I have to grapple with in my spiritual warfare, I find few so constant in the field and so difficult to subdue, as spiritual pride. For some days past, it has haunted me more than usual. I can scarcely apply to any duty, but it is sure to be there; and when one would imagine that such a poor, frail, simple being as I, could never have any thing to do with pride. Yet, alas! too true it is, that cursed sin frequently discovers itself in my heart. But blessed be the name of Jesus, he enables me to battle hard against it. And a very subtle foe it is to encounter; for where I least expect it, there it is sure to be. When my heart is big with grief, and groaning under the weight of sin; even there it mixes with almost every sigh. If God lifts upon me the light of his countenance, this gigantic form at the same time is sure to erect its stately head. Nay, at the very moment I am writing, it keeps whispering its infernal language with every letter my pen forms; and, if grace did not prevent, would force me to give a listening ear to its smooth, insinuating voice.

September 20. My spiritual foes are so numerous, their attacks so frequent and unexpected, and the whole of my Christian race attended with so many various circumstances; that it is impossible for me exactly to relate the experience of the whole week, or even of one day. For in that short space of time, I am frequently exercised with all the trials and temptations I have already mentioned, and many more that I have not had time to commit to writing. Among the vast army of corruptions that lurk in my heart, I have this week found at their head, an impatient, murmuring spirit, making every little trifle ruffle my temper before I am aware; and if I were not enabled by grace to set a constant watch over the motions of this spirit, it would hurry me into such sin as would bring dishonour on the cause of God, grieve his Holy Spirit, and burden my already too much burdened mind. I desire to be holy, and to live without sinning: but when I fall into sin, I become fretful, cross, and ill-humoured, instead of going with a humble and contrite heart to the

Lord Jesus Christ for full pardon and remission. This is my capital fault: for I never come from thence without being good humoured: and, what is most surprising, it is frequently with the greatest difficulty I can drag myself thither. O patience! I never, till very lately, understood the full meaning of Paul's expression, "Ye have need of patience." But what must the patience of God be, that bears with such a creature as I am! That is past comprehension.

November 1. Till I can get entirely above the world, its cares, customs, and snares, I never shall be comfortable: till sin is entirely overcome in my soul by the love of Christ reigning there without a rival, I never shall enjoy that sweet peace of God, which passeth all understanding. O how have I been harassed by this dreadful enemy, sin, during the fortnight past! Who can describe the excruciating anguish of soul that I have suffered. May the Lord in mercy keep me from offending him as I have too frequently done. For several days I enjoyed a steady calm in my mind,

beyond what I had felt for some time; till one evening, reproving a fellow-sinner for a fault, I forgot the spirit of love and meekness, with which I began to do it; and, from some circumstances that occurred, Satan insinuated himself into my corrupt heart, so that ere I was aware, I fell into the sin of unlawful anger. When I came to my spiritual senses, and began to reflect on what I had done, no tongue can express my horror, for having committed such egregious folly; to think that instead of defending my Saviour's cause, I had injured it. And yet that compassionate Redeemer was pleased to restore me to his favour again. But what shall I say? Shame and confusion cover my face, while I am constrained to acknowledge, I a second time grieved his Holy Spirit, and forced him to depart from me! Wo unto me! I was ashamed to act the Christian part in a company of worldly people; and left undone, or did but faintly, what it was my indispensable duty to have done openly and boldly before the world. The righteous are bold as a lion. But, alas for me! I

am yet a slave to shame. O this fatal rock! How often have I split upon it! What numberless tears it has made me shed. How often, when I have been going on prosperously, steering a straight course towards Heaven, have I seen this rock at a distance, been warned to avoid it, trembled at the danger, prayed earnestly for help, and yet run right against it. I intended, by the blessing of God, to approach his holy table next Sabbath; but O, into what a cold, stupid frame have my sins thrown me! I know not what to do. May the Lord in infinite mercy direct me.

November 24. Last Sunday, blessed be the name of Jesus! I was not disappointed in my hopes. I enjoyed a goodly portion of his love. I could "call him Lord by the Holy Ghost," appropriate him to myself, and securely venture my eternal all on his everlasting love. O what a blessed Sabbath did I experience! What sweet composure of mind! What solid joy at heart! What peace of conscience!—I was not carried out in seraphic flights, or rapturous ecstacies. I felt something, if possible,

more sublime and elevating within me. I cannot describe it in a more distinct and comprehensive manner, than by saying, it was faith in exercise, the clearest "evidence of things not seen, and the" very "substance of" what I "hoped for." Christ was all to me. I held him fast, and feared nothing, no, not death itself. Jesus enabled me, by putting his love in my soul, to bid defiance to all his terrors. O that he would in like manner stand by me, when this terrible, though conquered king, makes his appearance. Then shall I not fear, though I see his well-aimed arrow pointed at my heart. My soul has been greatly encouraged and established, within these few days past, by the preaching of the word, and from the pious conversation of some eminent and humble Christians, particularly the Rev. John Newton. O that the Lord would always grant me such company. It would be a little heaven on earth. But then perhaps I should be apt to forget the great Heaven above. The Lord keeps me from resting here.

December 7. Well might the royal

prophet break out into the pathetic and affecting exclamation, "Lord, what is man!" Weakness in the very abstract; unable for a moment to preserve himself where grace has brought him, unless continuing grace uphold him there. But a few days ago, how happy was my situation! With Jesus Christ in the arms of my faith, I could exult in the strongest hopes of eternal bliss, and bid a bold defiance to all the powers of hell. Alas! how changed! Weak and fearful, full of doubts and murmuring surmisings; without my all sufficient prop, I reel and stagger, ready every moment to be overcome by the powerful enemies that beset me on every side. O that I have been so foolish! for I am sensible whence all this comes. I have neglected to obey that salutary command of my compassionate Redeemer, "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation!" In the midst of danger I have dreamed that all was secure, and ere I was aware, have let the world and the devil creep into my heart, naturally prone to receive them: and who knows

what I shall suffer ere they be driven out; but by the grace of God, they shall not lodge there. May that all-sufficient grace which hath opened my eyes to see my foes, a blessing not bestowed on all men, give me strength also to fight manfully against them; and, in its own good time and way, drive them all out before me.

December 15. For some days past I have been, as to spiritual things, like a person without sense or feeling. And yet a secret something within kept longing after closer communion with Jesus Christ, whom it desired to love above all things, though it could not assure itself whether it did or not. But why do I attempt to give an account of the state of my mind? For let me use what words I will, I cannot satisfy myself; there is always something wanting, or there are so many seeming contradictions to reconcile, that it is scarcely possible. He who may read after me, should be able to form a just idea of what passes in the breast of a poor sinner that is seeking salvation in the blood of Jesus. If he is earnestly employed in the

same search, he may perhaps find something in my experience that may tally with his own.—For two days past, what unutterable pangs have I suffered on account of sin! None can conceive the nature of this anguish, that have not felt it themselves. Yesterday, while my mind was in this excruciating agony, I laid hold of Dr. Owen's Treatise on Communion, with Father, Son, and Spirit, prayed for a blessing, and then opening it, read as follows:—"Believers hold communion with Christ in hearkening to his voice, calling them to him with their burden, 'Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Come, thou poor soul, with the guilt of sin," &c. I instantly saw by faith Jesus Christ making this overture to me, and, as quick as thought, threw my burden off, relying upon him, and directly my conscience was eased; love, peace, and joy, took possession of my soul; and I think I never loved Jesus Christ till then, but then I am sure I did. O the preciousness of that blood that cleanses from all sin! Satan

has tried a thousand devices to keep me from it; but this striking instance of its efficacy will, I trust, by the grace of God, be a powerful weapon in my hands to foil this subtle foe.

Beside the constant attention to the operations of his mind, and the feelings of his heart, which produced the foregoing passages, with numerous others of a similar kind; Lieutenant Burn was accustomed, sometimes, to enter into a more minute and particular investigation of his general character, in order to ascertain to his own satisfaction, whether he was a real possessor of vital Christianity, or not. One of the days devoted by him to this solemn exercise was the first of the next year. The spirit in which he performed this necessary duty, and the result of his examination, will no doubt, both please and edify the pious reader: and should these pages be perused by any one who has never yet made religion the subject of reflection or inquiry, we will venture to recommend his most serious consideration of the principles and sentiments of the following soliloquy.

January 1, 1774. Lord God Almighty! be pleased this day, for Jesus Christ's sake, so to illuminate my mind, by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, that whilst I attempt to penetrate into the deepest recesses of my heart, and make the strictest inquiries about my spiritual state, I may make no material mistakes therein. When the question is, whether I am born again of the Spirit of God; or whether I am ingrafted into Christ Jesus, as the branch into the vine, and become a new creature in him;—O let me not deceive myself in giving an answer. Remove the obstacles that lie in the way of coming to the truth, in this examination. Take away pride, the fear of man, the love of praise, carnal reasoning, and a long train of hellish cavillers, that will be ready at every opportunity to cast in a word to bewilder me in this important search. But above all, silence the accusations and wicked suggestions of the devil, that he may be confounded, thine unworthy worm humbled in the dust, and all the praise and glory redound unto thee alone, now and for ever-

more, Amen.—What am I? A reasonable being, born to die, perhaps to-morrow, next week, next month, next year; I cannot tell when: all that I am sure of is, I must die; yet endued with a living principle, a spark of the Deity, an immortal soul that must exist after death, awful thought! either happy or miserable to all eternity. All this I am convinced of in my mind. I know also that I am the son of an apostate parent, a sinner by nature and practice, and consequently an enemy to my Maker, a child of wrath, and an heir of hell. I know likewise, and am thoroughly convinced (blessed be God!) that God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son; and that there is no way of being reconciled to God but by the all precious and atoning blood of Jesus Christ; who freely gave himself as a ransom, and wrought out an everlasting righteousness for his chosen people, and will at last most certainly bring to eternal glory all who through rich grace are brought to believe in his name. The grand and important questions then are;—

Am I one of this happy number?—Did Jesus die for me?—Have I felt the divine efficacy of his blood?—Is his righteousness my only plea for justification before God?—And shall I shortly enter into the blissful realms above as a shining trophy of his sovereign and everlasting love?—These are the blessings I want of all things to call my own. Ten thousand worlds to be able to do it with confidence. The Lord direct me here; for a mistake in this matter must be dreadfully fatal. But how am I to know these things? The Saviour himself hath given me a very plain and easy rule to go by. Let me follow it, and pray for grace to use it faithfully. He hath said in his word, The tree is known by its fruit. What fruit have I produced? Do I know of any change having passed upon me? Surely I do, and can appeal to a thousand facts for the proof of this. Do I live as I did ten or twenty years ago?—No, nothing like it: in the clear sense of the expression, "Old things are passed away, and all things are become new." Has the Spirit of God ever convinced me of sin?

Let my conscience, which has felt its intolerable load, answer this question. 'Tis true, the Lord at first sweetly drew me to himself with the cords of love, and it was some time before he shewed me the dreadful nature of sin, and the plague of my own heart; but when he did, no language can express the excruciating pangs I felt and the agonies of soul I went through on account of it, till by faith in the Redeemer's blood I experienced a blessed deliverance from it. But do I really and truly hate sin? Surely I do, with a perfect hatred: else whence should it be such a daily grief and burden to me? Let my secret tears, my bitter groans, and heart-rending sighs; let my hourly dread of falling into it, witness whether I hate it. The heart-searching God knows I hate it. But here something within seems to whisper, Are you then without sin? Alas! no; I am a daily, an hourly sinner, the chief of sinners. "God be merciful to me a sinner," is my constant petition. But I trust sin has not the dominion over me. By grace, I flee from and avoid it, hate and

resist it; and by that grace, and that only, I hope I can safely say, I have not, for the last three years, knowingly or wilfully committed it. It is true, and to my great sorrow too true, that I am frequently in great straits and doubts, whether this and the other thing be sinful or not; and not being able to distinguish between the injections of Satan, the workings of a weak and misinformed conscience, and the breathings of the Spirit of God, I am often so bewildered that I know not which way to act, and too, too often act wrong, wound my conscience, grieve the Spirit, and bring sorrow and leanness upon my soul. But the Lord knows it is my daily supplication to be rightly and entirely conformed to his blessed will, and I hope in his own good time he will answer my prayer.—But let me now examine this important matter a little closer.—What is it I love most? Is it God? the triune God, Father, Son, and Spirit? Alas! ungrateful wretch that I am, I have fallen so far short of the love which I owed to this redeeming God, and I see such depravity within, that I cannot

always boldly appeal to him like one of old, and say, Thou who knowest all things knowest that I love thee. A transient view of the immensity of his love to sinners makes the little I can pretend to, totally disappear; and then it may be said I do not love him at all. But select the little drop from the boundless ocean of his love, and then I can safely affirm I love him a little. O that I could love him more! But let us examine a little nearer; where is the proof of this? If an earnest unceasing desire to be like him, to be holy because he is holy, pure because he is pure, be a principle of love; then I love him. If a cheerful willingness to forsake all, to suffer all, for his sake, be love; then I love him. If to esteem one moment's communion with Jesus greater bliss than the pleasures of the whole world, be love; then I love him. If to delight in seeing his cause prosper and his people increase, and to labour as much as in me lies for this end, be love; then I love him. If to delight in the practice of holiness, in his courts, in his word, in his ordinances, be

love to God; I can safely say I find no delight any way comparable to what I find in these. Lastly, if the love of his people, of whatever church, sect, or denomination, who more or less bear his image, be an evidence of love to God himself; then I can confidently say I have this evidence. And this has many times upheld me when every thing else has failed: by the grace of God, Satan could never wrest this proof out of my hands. Notwithstanding, I frequently doubt whether I love the Lord Jesus Christ; though sometimes also, thank God, I can say with assurance I do love him; witness the fourteenth of last month, when he sealed to me the pardon of my sin: I then loved him in a manner which it is impossible to give any idea of in words. Upon the whole, what may I safely conclude? Let me pause, and beg of God that I may not draw a false conclusion.—Am I a follower, not only a professing, but a real follower, of the Lamb? If the evidences I have mentioned, be what I undoubtedly experience, and I trust by God's grace I do experience them; then I hope I

may from Scripture, and upon a good foundation, safely say, that Jesus is mine and I am his. Certain I am, that a great change has been wrought in me within these three or four years; and I am as certain, that it was neither an inherent power in me that effected it, nor any good works of mine that merited it. Therefore it must be sovereign grace alone that did the mighty deed. If, then, a God of love has begun a good work upon my soul, dare I presume to contradict omnipotence, and say he cannot or will not carry it on and finish it, when he has absolutely promised he will do it? O my soul, beware of that sin of unbelief. He that hath put into thy heart that earnest cry after Jesus Christ and his righteousness, will ere long, agreeably to his faithful word, abundantly satisfy thee. Grant then, O my covenant-keeping God, that my soul and body, my time and talents, and all that I have, may be wholly and truly dedicated to thee, for Jesus Christ his sake. Amen.

In the month of March this year, Lieut. B. was visited with a dangerous illness. The

next entry in his journal describes the state of his mind under that affliction and immediately after its removal.

April 2. Blessed be the name of the Lord, I am still in the land of the living, still on praying ground, and, by his grace, still hungering and thirsting after Jesus Christ: and though the devil, my own wandering wicked heart, and an insnaring world, have robbed me of my comfort and many precious blessings, yet through mercy, rich unmerited mercy, they have not bereaved me of this seeking wrestling spirit: and if Jesus Christ hath promised that such shall be filled, that such shall find, that such shall overcome, what have I to fear? Nothing but unbelief. Lord, destroy that, and I am happy. I thank thee, blessed Jesus, that it is not so prevalent as it was, and that thou hast given me grace to rely upon thee, be my frames and feelings what they will, and amidst the workings of a deceitful heart and the suggestions of a cunning devil, still to hang upon thee. Lord, increase my faith.—Within the last month, the Lord has been pleased to lay

his afflicting hand upon me, even to bring me to the very brink of the grave; and, what was more grievous to bear than all my bodily pain, during the greatest part of my illness the enemy was permitted to buffet me, the comfortable presence of my God was withdrawn from me, and darkness, doubts, and fears, took possession of my soul; a state which those only, who have experienced it, can conceive. It is dreadful, with one foot in the grave and the other almost there, to look through eternity without a strong hold of Jesus Christ. I have at times looked death in the face with pleasure; but it was always when I had Jesus near my heart. I never could bear the sight of that grisly monarch, if Christ was at any distance from me. Come then, Lord Jesus, and dwell for ever in this heart of mine; purge it, make it a holy receptacle for thy blessed self.—I trust this sickness hath been truly sanctified to me; for, if I am not greatly deceived, it hath filled me with fresh ardour after that Almighty Saviour, who alone is able to deliver from the fears of death and the pains of hell.

About a month after his recovery Lieut. B. went to Scotland. An observation made just before he set out on the voyage discovers a deep sense of his religious obligations, and great diffidence of his own heart.

May 1. For some weeks past, I have purposed, in compliance with the earnest requests of an affectionate father, to pay him a visit with my wife and child; but the dread of dishonouring the cause of God, when I get among my relatives, or in the midst of strangers, by being ashamed boldly to act up to the profession I have made for three years past, makes me quite miserable. I know by bitter experience, what dreadful havock shame can make in the heart of an awakened sinner; and I tremble at the thoughts of being put to the trial.

After an absence of nearly three months he returned to Chatham, inspired with fervent gratitude to the Father of mercies for all the goodness which had attended himself and his family.

August 1. Blessed be the name of the

Lord; for his mercy endureth for ever. His word is faithful and true, and all his promises yea and amen in Christ Jesus. He will never leave nor forsake his people: his everlasting arms shall be underneath them: 'the bruised reed he will not break, neither will he quench the smoking flax.' Eternally blessed be his great name, that he hath evidently accomplished these precious promises in the behalf of my poor, weak, trembling soul. O how was I tempted! how did I doubt! how did I fear and tremble, but three months ago, before I set out on my voyage, lest I should turn my back upon him, be ashamed of him before men, and bring reproach upon his cause. Alas! I came far, very far short of what I ought to have done. Yet to his glory, and his alone, be it spoken, his strength was made manifest in my weakness, and his sovereign grace, in a wonderful unexpected manner, was always at hand to support and encourage me in the trying hour. When I began to sink, and despair of being able to speak for him, he raised up means to rouse and strengthen me, that at times I

was made to rejoice in his love, speak boldly in his name, and be afraid of the face of no man.—When we embarked, and indeed for some time before, I was led to see that it was my indispensable duty to endeavour to establish public prayer while we were on board the ship; but to propose it to the captain, was a task I dreaded. When evening drew near, that I knew I must do it then or not at all, I began to tremble, ruminated on various ways by which I should first open the proposal to him, and prayed to the Lord for his grace to help me. While I was thus employed, the Lord put it into the hearts of my wife and another woman, altogether without my knowledge, to propose it to the captain; and he readily consented to it: just in the midst of all my fears they came into the cabin, and recommended our going to prayer. This unexpected instance of the Almighty's condescension, in answering my mental petitions, so struck me that I could hardly restrain myself from rising up and leaping for joy: every doubt and fear vanished in a moment, and the captain declining to officiate himself, I was

pitched upon; and, had the whole assembled world been there, I should not then have declined calling upon the God of my salvation before them all.—The Lord's providential care over us during the voyage was still more evident and remarkable. The prayers of many saints went with us; and if ever the petitions of poor sinners were heard at a throne of grace, they certainly were. No sooner was the day fixed for our sailing, than the weather, which but a few hours before was stormy, became unexpectedly fine, and the wind that was quite contrary became altogether favourable; and, what was even remarked by the unthinking part of the crew, when we were about to sail round a head-land, and consequently to alter our course, and an alteration in the wind became necessary, it never failed to happen at the very moment it was wanted: so that long before we expected it, we were gently and imperceptibly wafted to our desired port; where we had scarcely been landed an hour, when the weather again changed to the reverse of what it had been, and

continued so for a long time. Thus did the Lord evidently protect and favour us; and not only here but in many other instances. Oh that I should have made such an unworthy return! Instead of growing warmer in my affections towards him, I think I grew colder and colder. The lukewarm spirit of most of those among whom I had been in Scotland, had so much infected me, that when I returned I found my soul almost dead to spiritual things. May the Lord quicken me, and kindle in my heart a flame of love to his blessed self; that I may set out afresh in his ways, and live more to his glory than I have ever yet done.

Lieut. B.'s papers contain no account of any circumstance that occurred for more than twelve months after his return from Scotland. We proceed to transcribe a few more of his pious reflections, among which we cannot overlook the devout and humble sentiments with which he closed the year 1774.

December 30. If the Lord in mercy spares me to the end of another year, I

hope I shall be enabled to look upon it with more pleasure than I now do upon this. Alas! how little have I lived to the glory of God! What a very small portion of my heart has God had! And without the heart, all my bodily exercise, praying, reading, hearing, singing, reproving, exhorting, giving of alms, meditating, examining, groaning, sighing, weeping, &c., will signify little or nothing. Without faith, it is impossible to please God; and where the heart is not, there can be no faith; "for with the heart man believeth." How very ignorant and foolish, then, are those who content themselves with being found in the ordinances of God, without carefully examining whether they carry their hearts with them! And how often, O my soul, hast thou been thus foolish! surely with such sacrifices God was not well pleased. The Lord have mercy upon me a sinner. I can see nothing but what is vile in myself; but all fulness dwelleth in Jesus: therefore to him I come, on him alone will I rely; for I have learned more this year than I have ever yet done, that without

him I can do nothing, but through him I am more than conqueror over all my foes. I therefore desire to conclude the year, to begin another, to continue through life, and to finish my last moments, with crying from the heart, None but Christ! None but Christ!

In the journal of the following year, Lieut. B. discovers the same spirit of heavenly mindedness, and the same anxious concern to "live in all good conscience before God." We shall give two Extracts.

April 9, 1775. O how pleasant, safe, and delightful, to confide in a crucified Lord! I this day found Jesus precious to my soul in a manner that I had never done before. I saw such beauty, fitness, and excellency in him, that all the troubles, afflictions, temptations, and trials, I could, possibly meet with here, seemed nothing at all while I securely rested on the eternal Rock of ages. What an inexhaustible, unspeakable, treasure is Christ! It is well worth while to sell all and purchase this precious pearl. I may safely say, I really felt in my heart that I loved Christ to-day.

O how seldom it is I can say so! But I trust, sinful, helpless, creature as I am, Christ will soon complete the work of sanctification in my soul, take me to himself, and bless me for ever in his presence! and then I am sure I shall eternally love him.

May 23. Oh what would I give for a sight of Christ by faith! how uncomfortable and mournful, to live without him!—Surely I have suffered great spiritual loss lately. There must be some fatal obstacle in the way: the Lord remove it. Be faithful, O my conscience, and plainly tell me what it is.—A too great attention and attachment to the empty perishing gratifications of time and sense. A corrupt heart too frequently carried away by worldly and spiritual pride. Too great conformity, in conversation, manner, and behaviour, to the people among whom it is necessary to be.—If this be true (and God and my own heart know it is), is there any wonder I should be continually crying out, day after day, My leanness, my leanness! But is there nothing more?—Yes. An evil heart of unbelief; a hasty, fiery temper; an im-

patient, fretful, murmuring spirit; an inconstant, wavering spirit; a forgetful, ungrateful spirit; an earthly mind, a carnal heart, perverse will, turbulent passions, vile affections—but the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. If this blessed and efficacious remedy be not applied to my guilty soul, self-convicted, self-condemned, I must bear the wrath of God for ever. But, O comfortable thought! Christ died, and died for sinners; and, what heightens and endears the glorious truth, died for me, yes, for me. Else, whence comes this eager, constant hungering and thirsting after him? This restless, longing desire to be united to him? This ardent, ceaseless wish, to love him more and more? Surely he hath put it there himself, and will he not satisfy it? Come, O blessed Jesus, and warm with thy love, my cold, dull, stupid heart. Thy presence, as I have experienced before, will chase from thence all that is contrary to thee.

Among the favours of Providence which demanded the most grateful acknowledgments, Lieut. B. considered it far from the

least, that he was kept so long on shore, while all his brother officers, not one excepted, had been sent to sea. He had been stationed at Chatham for five years; but the time was now approaching for his removal. Hostilities having broken out in America, and the British government being determined to attempt the subjugation of the colonies by force, it was natural to expect he would soon be ordered on active service. The prospect of separation from a beloved wife and smiling babes, could not fail of exciting many painful emotions in an affectionate heart; but the principal concern which occupied his mind appears to have been for the consistency and purity of his Christian character.

September 23, 1775. The events which have lately taken place in the nation have not a little disconcerted me. Engaged in a military capacity, I have now the prospect of soon being hurried from the means of grace, my family and friends, and plunged into all the horrors of a civil war; or, at least, of being cooped up in a small ship with a crew whose irre-

ligious example perhaps may have too much influence on a heart so prone to evil as mine. This last consideration, especially, lies very heavy upon my mind. I dread the thought of being ashamed of Jesus Christ. I tremble at what may befal me, should God leave me a single day to myself. And yet, when I call to mind the many singular instances of his providential care towards me, I dare not entertain the least doubt of a continuation of his goodness, but, in spite of all opposition, am constrained to put my trust and confidence in Him for the time to come. O that his grace would enable me to testify to all among whom I may come, that I have not only taken up the profession of Christianity, but have indeed been with Jesus, and learned of Him a "pure and undefiled religion" that "keeps me unspotted from the world."

After several weeks of expectation Lieut. B. received his orders; and on the 8th of December, with a detachment of marines, he embarked on board the Milford, a frigate of 28 guns, commanded by capt. J. Burr.

Capt. Burr allowed him to return and remain on shore as long as the Milford lay at Chatham, and till she was about to sail from Sheerness. On the 18th he took an affectionate leave of his family, and went on board that evening. The commencement of the voyage was distinguished by a seasonable discovery and prevention of danger, calculated to make a serious impression on every thoughtful mind.

"December 19. We sailed from Sheerness and came to an anchor at the Warp, the day being hazy and the wind rather too short to carry through the Narrows. Here the providence of God began to be evidently manifested in our favour. A sailor in the foretop perceived something the matter with the topmast, that it did not sit as it should, but could not well tell why. This brought on a more strict examination, and the topmast was found so thoroughly rotten, that its own weight had carried it several inches below the fid or iron bar on which it rested. The captain immediately consulted with his officers; and though our orders were very pressing

to proceed to Portsmouth, it was unanimously agreed to return to Sheerness; which we accordingly did, and got another topmast up in three days. What the consequence would have been, had we gone to sea with the other, God only knows. We are certain it could not have stood long; some devoted wretch might have suffered from its fall; or, perhaps, had it gone on a lee shore, it might have proved the loss, not only of the ship, but of every soul in her. O that men could but see the goodness of God, and be thankful. He foresees and prevents the evil that would prove their destruction; while they, unconcerned about the matter, forget or despise him and his mercies too."

Delayed by calms and contrary winds, they did not reach Spithead till the first of January. Portsmouth was a place which could not be visited by Lieut. B. without awakening some interesting recollections of former days, and thankfulness for the contrast of his present circumstances.

January 6, 1776. I went ashore early this morning; after breakfast, the weather

being fair, I seized the opportunity, sauntered about the town, and had a most agreeable walk upon the ramparts. O how my heart glowed with gratitude the instant I began to recollect that there was a time I travelled round these walls, when my situation in every respect was most wretched, compared to what it is at present: blessed be the name of the Lord, who brought about the happy change. Then, tired out with hunger and fatigue, I passed one tedious hour after another, not knowing where to satisfy a craving appetite or to lay my head at night, no money to purchase either, and without any solid prospect of a future maintenance in the world; and, what is worst of all, my eyes sealed to the true light of the gospel, and my mind as yet ignorant of the saving knowledge of Christ. Now, glory to his name! I am neither tired nor hungry; I know where to go for a good dinner and where to lay my head peaceably at night, with a sufficiency in my pocket to purchase whatever I want. My fortune in the world is not great, but sufficient. Blessed with

the woman I love and my dear little prattling babes, I desire no more. But, what is far preferable to all this, I humbly trust the Lord hath opened the eyes of my understanding, to see my ruined state by nature, and to know and embrace the truth as it is in Jesus. Transported with pleasing reflections on what God had thus graciously done for me, I could not forbear tuning a hymn of thanksgiving to his praise, while I heartily skipped along the ramparts; my outward gesture sufficiently demonstrating what joy and satisfaction reigned within. Surely, I thought, God must be my God, or he would not thus have blessed me."

While they were at Spithead they received orders from the Admiralty to proceed to Plymouth to take on board artificers for Halifax. Having now the prospect of a long voyage, Lieutenant B. thought it right to fix on some regular method of distributing and employing his time; and accordingly prescribed to himself the following rules for that purpose.

"January 12. Having perceived, within these few days past, a spirit of indolence

and inactivity gradually creeping upon me, and being very sensible from former experience, that, if not speedily checked, it may prove in the end very prejudicial both to soul and body; I am therefore determined, by the blessing of God, in order to stop its further progress, to adopt the following plan of living while I remain on board the Milford; which I purpose closely and perseveringly to adhere to, unless prevented by sickness, urgent business, or any other unforeseen hindrance which I cannot possibly avoid:—

"In the months of November, December, January, and February, to rise at seven o'clock; in October and March at six; and the rest of the year at five.

"The first thing to be done in the morning, the instant I wake, is, to lift up my heart in prayer to God, to thank him for his mercies during the night, and to implore his protection through the ensuing day: then to rise, wash, clean, and dress myself, as I purpose going the whole day: after which, to retire to my cabin, and spend some time in prayer, reading the

Scripture and chaunting a hymn: and if breakfast is not ready, take a walk upon deck till it is.

"After breakfast, I will spend some time in reading or writing, according as the pain in my breast will permit me, if not otherwise employed in my duty as an officer; after which I will spend some time in walking upon deck till dinner.

"Dinner over, I will again retire to my cabin, offer up my soul to God in prayer, and read a passage in the Spiritual Treasury, and then take a walk upon deck till dark; spending the evening in reading or writing, if I find the company of my messmates otherwise than useful or entertaining.

"At nine or ten, but never later than eleven, to retire to my cabin, pray to God, and go to rest.

"*N.B.* At twelve at noon, never to forget to retire, to pray for my wife, my children, my parents, and all my Christian brethren: if I have not an opportunity of doing this at noon, to do it as soon after as possible.—O Lord Jesus, thou knowest how imperfect I am, and how unable to act

any way suitable to the profession I have made; in mercy therefore assist me to keep this resolution as far as it is consistent with thy will, and will enable me to live to thy glory."

On the 16th of January, when they were near the Edystone, the master was at the helm and undertook to carry the ship into Plymouth Sound that night. About ten or eleven o'clock, it was discovered that, instead of being in Plymouth Sound, they were "hampered in Bigbury-bay," a few miles to the eastward of Plymouth; a bay which appears to offer the finest anchorage, but the bottom is full of sharp rocks, which presently cut the cables of any anchors that can be thrown out; so that few vessels that have run into that bay, have ever been known to get out again. In the present case, the discovery was made at the critical juncture: if it had been a little later, or if the wind had blown strongly towards the shore, they must inevitably have been wrecked, and it is not likely that any would have escaped; but the mistake was happily discovered in time

to admit of their standing out to sea, and the next morning they reached their desired port. The several hair-breadth escapes they had experienced, between their departure from Sheerness and their arrival at Plymouth, were justly regarded by Lieutenant B. as so many instances of the divine goodness towards them.

" January 17. The Lord hath been remarkably gracious to us. O that we could but be truly thankful. The care of the Almighty has been so evidently manifested in our favour, that even those on board the ship who have not the fear of God before their eyes, could not help observing it. I need only repeat the speech of one of my messmates to day at dinner. " When I consider," said he, " how badly this ship was fitted out, the rawness and inexperience of our hands, the season of the year, the stormy weather we have had, and our last night's affair in Bigbury-bay, I cannot account for our being here, unless it was *downright providence* that brought us." Surely, and that same Providence must at-

tend us all our journey through, or we shall never prosper."

On the 20th they sailed from Plymouth, and on the 22d lost sight of England. During the first week Lieutenant B. suffered much from sea-sickness, and his situation was rendered still more distressing by a violent storm.

"January 29. The Lord has been pleased to lay his afflicting hand upon me, and made me to see his wonders in the great deep. During the whole of last night we were exposed to all the terrors of a storm, so dreadful that I believe I shall never forget it. Our ship, lying to under a balanced mizen, was entirely left to the mercy of the waves. I was so extremely sea-sick I durst not raise my head from the pillow, yet unable to keep it there through anxiety and fear and the unusual agitation of the ship; my cabin flowing with water, and my servant just recovered from a dangerous fever, sitting bare-legged from six in the evening till eight this morning, bailing it out to keep me from being

swamped in my bed; now and then whispering, as the sea broke over the ship, 'Surely such another will knock her sides together!' Life was burdensome, yet I shuddered at the thought of present dissolution; I had no appropriating faith. But glory to the Master of the storm: though hidden, he was not absent, or unconcerned about it. He gave me grace to cry mightily unto him in this time of trouble, and he heard me. He knows our infirmity and will not suffer us to be tempted above what we are able to bear. Blessed be his name! He hath restored me to a great degree of bodily health; at his command, the winds and waves have ceased raging so furiously: and I trust this affliction hath been so sanctified to my soul, that I am now made to cleave unto him more than ever. O that the remembrance of it might never wear off from my mind. February 1."

"February 11: To-day about noon the mizen yard fell down, and was within a few inches of killing the first lieutenant and a midshipman, but fortunately did no other damage than making a few dents in

the quarter deck. I cannot forbear mentioning a particular circumstance with regard to myself. It has been a constant custom with me ever since we sailed, to walk the quarter deck about noon; but to-day (having had little rest in the night) I lay down upon my bed where I was dozing in safety when the yard fell. It came down between the lieutenant and the binnacle, the side I generally walk on when we are upon deck together. Who can tell what the event would have been, had I been there. Surely the Lord kept me out of the way of harm."

The delays they had experienced from storms and contrary winds, excited an apprehension that their stock of water might not be sufficient for the remainder; and it was therefore determined to stop at Fayal, one of the Azores or Western islands, to take in a fresh supply. On the 21st they passed the island Pico, so denominated from its peak, a mountain of considerable height, by some reported to equal that of Tenariffe. With the view of it Lieutenant B. appears to have been highly gratified.

"February 21. This morning, when I went upon deck, one of the most grand and majestic objects that nature perhaps can produce, presented itself to my view. I was struck with wonder and amaze, hardly satisfied that my eyes were well open; the awful sight so much surprised me. It was the lofty *Pico*, rearing its enormous head far above the clouds, extending itself into the blue firmament, as if it would pierce the very battlements of heaven. I have been the greatest part of the day, which has been delightfully serene, contemplating the various aspects it puts on, from the different colours and changing forms of the passing clouds that almost continually hover round it. Sometimes they encircle its middle like a girdle, leaving the base clear, but seldom reach so high as to cover its top, which with an air of dignity proudly overlooks them as if it had defiance to them all. Can this mountain be removed? Shall it ever be shaken and fall? To look at it, one would imagine it impossible; but the day is coming when it shall flee away and totally disappear: but, happy

thought! the loving kindness of the Lord to his people shall never be removed."

Soon after, they reached Fayal; where Lieutenant B. went on shore and "saw every thing worth taking notice of. The town," he says, "is agreeably situated on a rising ground, facing the south, surrounded by very steep hills, with an extensive view of the sea on one hand, and the gigantic Pico right before it, across the roadstead, at a few miles distance. The streets are narrow, dirty, and badly paved; the houses low, irregular, and ill-built; and, what I saw of their insides, abominably dirty and badly furnished; except the room in which the governor received us the day we landed. The country is delightfully pleasant, very healthy, and with a little industry might be made extremely fertile; but its unthankful inhabitants, eaten up with pride, superstition, and idleness, know not how to enjoy it. I could hardly keep my temper when I looked into their gardens and fields, and saw them all overrun with weeds, hardly producing any thing but what nature of her own accord, with little or none of their

assistance, brought to maturity. Not a single espalier could I perceive upon any of their garden walls, though exposed to the best advantage, and the climate one of the finest in the world for producing peaches, nectarines, apricots, and all other kinds of wall-fruits: they contented themselves with having these things sent them in their season from a neighbouring island. The beans in the open fields, though hardly perceivable for weeds, were now in full bloom, and some of them well podded, yet we could not get a cabbage, or lettuce, or any kind of garden stuff, in the whole island. Surely such indolent, ungrateful beings do not deserve to inhabit such a beautiful country. Their oranges and lemons are extremely fine, the only fruit we had to feast upon, and we laid in a copious stock. They grew common in the fields; and happily for the Portuguese, require very little of their trouble or attendance.—In this small town, there are three or four convents of friars, and two of nuns; and such a number of ecclesiastics of different kinds, that they make up full a fourth, if not a third, of all the inhabitants in the

island. Whether it be the custom of Portugal, or the jealousy of the men, that keeps the ladies within doors, I cannot say; but you will seldom see a well-dressed woman in the streets, except upon some public occasion, or on a holiday, going to or coming from mass. Here they all dress in black, and mostly in one way. The churches in Fayal are quite the reverse of their dwelling-houses, extremely clean, elegantly and richly ornamented; particularly that lately occupied by the Jesuits, now in the possession of the crown. The grandeur of the adjoining convent, the number and spaciousness of its apartments, with the gardens, offices, and every thing else belonging to it, sufficiently demonstrate that they were no fools who built such a commodious place to live in. With all their wisdom and learning, however, they are now scattered over the earth, like vagabonds, hardly daring any where publicly to shew their heads. God has not suffered them to go unpunished, even in this life.

" I have seen a procession of all the different orders of monks, priests, gentry, and

laity, in the town. It was headed by six penitents, bare-footed, veiled, and dressed in white, chained two and two by the leg; one couple, with pain dragging a long heavy chain all through the different streets of the town; the other two couple, with still more pain, fastened together with a strait massy bar of iron. This was imposed upon them by their confessors, by way of making atonement for their sins. It is probable they were poor people, and had it not in their power to do it in a manner more acceptable to the priests. After the penitents, followed an image of our Saviour, bound to the pillar and covered with wounds, as large as life, and carried upon monks' shoulders. After this, came the different orders of friars, carrying large images of their respective saints, ornamented with artificial flowers; images of the crucifixion; the patronesses of the nuns, all in different attitudes, and as large as life. Then followed the *host*, under a canopy, carried by a priest of the first rank, in a golden cap; with a number of other priests, singing, with music-books in

their hands; and others, tossing incense in the air; with all the gentry, male and female, walking behind them, and the rabble bringing up the rear.—I could not forbear offering up a hearty prayer, that the Lord would open the eyes of these deluded mortals, to see the truth as it is revealed in the Scriptures. O my soul! what reason hast thou to be thankful, if he has shewn thee how to worship him in spirit! 'Be not high minded, but fear.'"

On the 26th of February, they sailed from Fayal. Dreading the Equinoctial gales which were to be expected in the ensuing month, the captain endeavoured to get into the trade winds; but the wind being very unfavourable to this design, obliged him to give it up, and stand more to the northward. Hitherto he appears to have profited little or nothing, from the preservation of himself and his companions amidst the various dangers which had threatened them. That he would, at some stated seasons, assemble the crew under his command, for the purpose of offering up united praises, thanksgivings, and sup-

plications, from him from whom all good descends, and who alone can deliver from every peril; it is the least we should have expected, from one who is forcibly reminded of an over-ruling Providence, by the instances of his merciful interposition which occurred even before the voyage could be said to be begun. But with a thoughtlessness, alas! too common, this duty had been altogether neglected for many weeks. Whether any particular circumstance occasioned its commencement Lieut. B. has not said: he records the fact with his usual piety of observation.

March 11. Yesterday, for the first time since the ship has been commissioned, we had divine service read in the great cabin, when the ship's company attended with a great deal of seeming devotion, several of them furnished with prayer-books, which probably had not been much perused before. O how grievous it is that so many precious souls should go without a faithful pastor to direct them in the way to life! Lord, bring about the happy time, when the British army and navy shall be amply

supplied with such as faithfully preach thy gospel; and, whenever it is faithfully preached, do thou give it success."

Nothing that requires our recital occurred during the remainder of their voyage across the Atlantic. On the 26th of March, after a passage of four weeks from Fayal, and above nine weeks from England, they reached the port of Boston. Before their arrival, the British troops had been constrained to evacuate the town and retire on board the fleet; which retained possession of Nantasket-bay. Their safe arrival, and the state in which they found public affairs at Boston, were too important for a Christian and a lover of his country to pass without particular notice.

March 26. Glory be to God who hath brought us to our destined port in safety. Surely the Lord himself was our pilot. O that he would deign to be our guide and protector, while he is pleased to continue our stay in this hostile country. God only knows what will be the issue of this unnatural war. Hitherto he has defeated all our attempts, baffled our counsels, and given

repeated, unusual, and unexpected, success to our enemies. We have not a foot of ground here that we can call our own, but a few small islands of no use, except one on which we get a little fresh water. They become stronger and stronger every day, and we weaker and weaker. What military stores they wanted, we have supplied them with, not being able to hinder their taking them from us: provisions and other things, with difficulty brought from England in transports, have been seized before our eyes, for the use of their army instead of ours: and now, after much bloodshed, fatigue, and hardship, we are obliged to fly, to avoid starving, or surrendering ourselves prisoners of war. March 27."

This month terminated with two more escapes from shipwreck, which impressed the mind of Lieut. B. with a sense of his increasing obligation to the divine goodness, and compelled even the lips of the profane to acknowledge the hand of God in their preservation. The Milford was ordered on a cruise, to clear the coast from the enemy's armed vessels. On the 30th Lieut. B. says,

"In turning out of the road, the ship missed stays, just as we were close in with the rocks on the Light-house island; and was within a few yards of being on shore: had she missed stays a second time, she must inevitably have been lost. We were all thoroughly frightened at the danger, but not half thankful enough for the deliverence."—"31st. This afternoon, being able to see but a little way a-head, we were within a trifle of foundering on a rock near Marble-Head. After this second escape, the captain said, in the cabin, before several of his officers, 'Gentlemen, you have heard me often say, and I repeat it again, since we sailed from England, we have been so frequently upon the brink of destruction, that nothing but the goodness of God could have saved us from it.' O how lamentable it is, to be brought to acknowledge this truth with the lips, and yet daily and hourly, by cursing, swearing, and all manner of blasphemy, to be ungratefully sinning against that God who is so very kind. Glory to his name for his long forbearing mercy!"

It would be tedious to the reader to go

through the details which Lieut. B.'s journal contains of this and the subsequent cruises of the Milford during her continuance on the American station; but as these cruises occupied nearly two years of his life, we must not pass them without noticing a few of the most interesting particulars.

They sailed six times from Nantasket-bay; and, after the evacuation of that harbour, eight times from Halifax, in Nova Scotia. The objects of these cruises were, the protection of British vessels, and the annoyance and capture of those of the enemy. They seldom returned to either of these ports without having done some execution; though they had not the satisfaction of achieving much towards promoting the object of the war, and the advantages accruing to themselves, as captors, were very inconsiderable. The acquisition of many of these prizes could neither benefit the general cause of Britain, nor could their loss materially injure that of America, though it inflicted distress and ruin on individual proprietors. Lieut. B.'s reflections

after two such captures, shew that the spirit of the soldier had not blunted the sensibility of the man.

"These prizes are of little or no value to us, because we can get nobody to purchase them: but the poor unhappy people that lose them, lose their all. It would rend a heart of stone, to see the sorrow that is painted in their countenances when they are brought on board. Some of them retire into corners and weep like children. If you ask what is the matter, a flood of tears is the answer. Sometimes you will hear them sob out—My wife, my children! what will become of them? I have been more than once obliged to avoid the affecting sight, unable to restrain my own tears, or prevent theirs. We do all we can to make their situation easy to them; but we dare not restore them their liberty or property."

Amidst the devastations of these petty hostilities, Lieut. B. found it soothing to his heart to record two cases, in which the amiable charities of our nature prevailed over the rules of war, and the rights of capture were relinquished. On a sloop

being taken, " bound to Nantucket, with three quakers on board," he says, " we unanimously consented to give them up their vessel, on condition that they would give half their cargo" to three other quakers, the proprietors of a sloop that had been taken a little before. The other case was of a sloop which had sailed from Nantucket with " two quakers on board: whose desperate situation in the present dispute," Lieut. B. says, " we have hitherto pitied, and on that account returned the poor creatures their sloop, though contrary to the act of parliament, and only took out of her a few bushels of corn."

In these various cruises, they took more than thirty prizes, besides recaptures. Most of their prizes, however, were of little value: several of them they scuttled and sunk immediately; and several others which they sent off to Halifax, were either lost or retaken before they could reach that port. The claim of salvage on some of the recaptures was disputed, and if ultimately recovered, was much diminished by the expenses of litigation. The prize-money gained by Lieutenant B. in this long

voyage, therefore, must have been inconsiderable; we find no statement of the whole amount; he only mentions the receipt of two sums; fourteen pounds for an American privateer, and about twenty-two pounds for several prizes taken in their first cruise from Halifax.

Though most of the vessels were taken without any fighting, yet some of them made sufficient resistance to impress the mind of Lieut. B. with a deep sense of the goodness of God in preserving him from all injury. This impression, on one occasion in particular, received additional force from the scene which he beheld on boarding the conquered ship, and which he thus describes: "The mangled bodies of my fellow-creatures lying pale and breathless on the deck; some dying, and others begging me to put them out of their misery; while a hungry dog was feeding on the blood that was streaming all about the ship; exhibited a spectacle that would have extorted tears of compassion from the bitterest enemy, and the sigh of pity from the hardest heart. The captain and first lieutenant wounded, the latter dangerously; the first pilot and

ten more men killed; twelve men wounded, some of them mortally; but, what is astonishing, and ought to stamp lasting gratitude on the heart of every man on board the Milford, we had but one man slightly wounded in the arm; some had their clothes shot through, some the skin grazed, and others the hair shot off their heads; but every shot was directed by the hand of God to do us no other harm. Examining the different shot that took place in the Milford, every one is ready to exclaim, 'What a wonder nobody was killed.' O that we could but be truly thankful to him to whom alone we are indebted for this favour."

Lieutenant B. contemplated approaching danger with the magnanimity of a soldier and the resignation of a Christian. In the expectation of an engagement, which he thought likely to be a very bloodly one, he writes: "The Lord only knows to which side the victory will incline. *That* I desire to submit to his blessed will, and only pray that, living or dying, I may be eternally his. If he guards my head in the day of battle, may

my future life be wholly devoted to his glory: or if he should see it more for his glory and my everlasting welfare to take me suddenly out of this life, may I, through a Redeemer's merits, be prepared to go, and instantly mingle with that happy multitude who surround the throne, and unceasingly sing the praises of the Lamb."

Beside the perils of battle, Lieut. B. had also some other remarkable escapes from dangers which seemed to threaten sudden death. In Halifax harbour, when the men-of-war were firing, on the queen's birth-day, an accidental shot from a neighbouring ship went close over the quarter-deck, where the first lieutenant of the Milford and Lieut. B. were walking together, and was within a very little of taking off both their heads. A few months after, a heavy block fell from the main-top, and gave him a very severe blow on the arm: had the blow been on his head, it would certainly have terminated his life. He mentions both these circumstances in terms dictated by the gratitude of his heart for such repeated and signal interpositions of divine mercy.

On the want of ability which characterized many of the operations of the British commanders in America, Lieut. B. agrees with all who have written on the subject. But in his remarks on the grand movements of the war, or on the proceedings of particular officers, though he sometimes criticises the conduct of men, he never loses sight of a divine providence directing and controlling all.

On the evacuation of Nantucket, his patriotic regret is mingled with pious resignation. "What shall we do now? The last place of shelter we had upon the coast is ours no more. Poor old England loses ground daily. It is very discouraging to one who loves his country, to see matters carried on as they are. But what shall we say? The fate of all nations is in the hand of the Almighty. He casts down one and raises up another. May my heart be brought to say, His sovereign will be done!"

On the arrival of Lord Howe to take the chief command, Lieut. B. makes the following observations: "Great things are expected from him, but unless God be

with him we shall see him guided by the same spirit of error and inconsistency which seems to have planned and executed all the operations of his predecessors in command here, since the unhappy dispute began. There is really something remarkable in this. There is hardly an officer with any command on the station, however brave and sagacious before, that has acted in this affair with any degree of resolution, or even with common sense. A general murmur against them is heard wherever you go. I sometimes think that God has determined to establish the Americans in their new government; and at other times, that they are only favoured for a while, that the vengeance of the Almighty may fall the more heavily upon them. However, I can only judge in the dark. Whatever be the Lord's will, it will surely come to pass."

In the conduct of Captain Burr, there appears to have been little that was entitled to commendation, but much that was deserving of censure. Whatever other qualities he may have possessed, he dis-

covered no pre-eminence of courage. "This morning," says Lieutenant B. "was ushered in with frowns and looks of contempt from every officer in the ship for the dastardly behaviour by which we lost one prize and were very near losing a second.—The first lieutenant plainly told him he might as well be in Halifax harbour as where he was.—'Tis my daily task, and a very difficult one, to keep my murmuring spirit within any tolerable bounds.—To see my country, as it were, left to the mercy of such men, I can hardly contain from freely speaking out the sentiments of my mind. What an eye-sore might this fine sailing ship be to the rebels, were she commanded by a spirited active man; and what advantage, in such a case, might accrue to us all, as well as to the cause in which we are engaged! On the contrary, as it is, what little good we do, is what we cannot possibly avoid doing.—Thus I reason: but do I reason justly? That I doubt. Had the Lord seen it best to put a brave sensible man in the Milford instead of the one he did, it certainly would have been done.

Why, then, should I be repining at the all-wise dispensations of Providence ?"

Whatever the judgment disapproves, it is natural to regard with feelings of displeasure; which are too often indulged to a degree that admits of no justification or apology. Though among the occurrences of this voyage Lieutenant B. found many circumstances which could not fail of exciting such feelings; yet he appears to have been preserved from any excess of irritation or fretfulness, by a habit of contemplating every event as included in the general scheme of divine administration; and, whether originating in the wisdom or folly, in the integrity or wickedness, of human agents, as divinely designed or over-ruled for ultimate good. The preceding passages can have left no doubt of the correctness of this observation, which we shall content ourselves with confirming by one extract more. It would be easy to increase their number, but this would carry us too far into the details of the voyage.

" Being now all ready for sea at a moment's warning, nothing but a constant

murmur is to be heard, both ashore and on board, at our being detained in harbour, when we might, at this fine season of the year, be of so much service elsewhere: but our murmuring will avail but little; we must wait perhaps a fortnight or three weeks longer: and who can tell but, before another month is elapsed, some striking providence may clearly demonstrate, that it was much better for us to remain here than to go to sea, however we may think otherwise at present? The eye of the Almighty is surely over us, as well to prevent us falling into danger, as to deliver us when actually struggling with the greatest perils."

Within a month after this was written, they found, by intelligence received at sea, that, if they had sailed from Halifax at the time they wished, they would, in all probability, have fallen in with an American fleet, of seven frigates, and several smaller vessels, which sailed about that time from Boston, so great a disproportion of numerical strength would have left no room for exertions of courage or skill; resistance would have been rashness; and nothing

could have awaited them but an immediate surrender and an inglorious captivity. Lieutenant B. mentions this escape, with the following recollections: "About three weeks ago we were murmuring against the commodore, at Halifax, for detaining us so long in a harbour. It certainly was wrong. But I said then, if we would but wait patiently, we might see the hand of Providence stretched out on our behalf even in this respect."

On another occasion, when contrary winds delayed them on their passage to a port where a force was collecting to attack the enemy by land, Lieutenant B. remarks in the same pious strain: "All hands murmuring, to see the present expedition so much retarded by means which we cannot possibly prevent. Heaven frequently, by such perplexing providences as these, endeavours to convince sinful mortals where they ought to apply for every necessary assistance in carrying on their undertakings. But, alas! how few among them attend to these friendly admonitions!" Some days after, he says, "No appearance

of a fair wind yet. Our stock of patience quite worn out. The Lord has surely some hidden purpose concerning us, that we are thus so long detained from proceeding on our intended expedition. A very little time, perhaps, will manifest his gracious designs in our favour, though we deserve nothing but wrath at his hands. O that we could be brought to give up ourselves and our concerns wholly to his management! contrary winds would not then disturb as they have for some days past."

The event proved that the tedious passage of the Milford to the place of rendezvous was the means of preventing an expedition in which Lieutenant B. and his party of marines were to have been particularly engaged: an expedition, which must have caused a wanton waste of military strength, in which British valour would probably have achieved heroic exploits, but in which no real service to the cause could possibly have been performed. "Surely," says Lieut. B. "the hand of Providence is here, marked in the most legible characters. O my soul! never dare to murmur at

delays for the future, or presume to dictate to the Almighty."

During his stay at this place of rendezvous, Lieutenant B. was gratified with opportunities of seeing many of the North American Indians. Some of the ungrateful sons of Britain have betrayed so grovelling a taste, as to prefer the barbarism of savage life and the gloom of superstition, to the refinements and comforts of civilization and the broad day-light of Christianity. Lieutenant B. viewed these Indians with very different sentiments:

"From the frequent visits of the Indian chiefs, to the camp ashore and on board the men-of-war in the harbour, I have had the pleasure of seeing something of the manners, customs, and way of living, of that savage race. But, O my God! what reason have I to bless thee for giving me a being in a Christian country. These poor wretches are enveloped in ignorance and thick darkness, out of which they neither expect nor wish to be extricated. Some years ago, when the French possessed this country, they took great pains to in-

struct the Indians in the Roman-catholic religion; to which they still seem to adhere, but how far they have been bettered by it, is hard to say. However, their attachment to it at this day, plainly shews what great success might be hoped for, if the gospel were faithfully preached among them. But, alas! the Protestant inhabitants, in general, of this province, less deserve the name of Christians than the Indians themselves. Faithful, laborious ministers are wanted by thousands in the northern parts of America. In some places there are none of any kind for a thousand miles round, or where there are, they lead the people astray. O happy, thrice happy old England, did you but know it!"

On returning to Halifax the last time but one, Lieutenant B. makes the following remarks on the healthy state of the crew: "We, the individuals in this ship, have every reason to bless God for his peculiar regard to us. Go where we will, fresh marks of his goodness are daily displayed in our favour; some so singular and conspicuous, that the most profane amongus

cannot forbear taking notice of them. Here the ships are all sickly; a pestilential disorder reigns among them, that carries off great numbers: but the Milford's are all in perfect health, though it is natural to suppose we should be the most sickly, from our having so many troops and prisoners on board: but here the favour of Heaven becomes obvious beyond all doubt. Other ships bury their dead: we have had none to bury. Their sick lists are crowded; some containing a hundred, unfit for duty, and dying: we have but four men who ail any thing, and they walk the deck; though we have now in this small frigate three hundred and fifty souls. O that we had but grace to be thankful!"

In the course of the last cruise, which lasted about seven weeks, they met with several very remarkable deliverances from the jaws of death. At such seasons of trouble, in a peculiar manner, Lieut. B. felt it to be both his duty and his privilege to call upon God; and he has recorded many instances of preservation, which he considered as answers to his prayers. "O

what a treasure," says he, " is a throne of grace ; and how blest the man who has learnt to approach it ! Not all the riches of the Indies can be compared with this. Here I can get freely, for Christ's sake, what gold cannot purchase,—the protection of the Almighty."

The best of men have shewn the most rigid severity in the judgments which they have passed upon their own conduct. Comparing themselves with the standard of Christian perfection, and the claims of infinite goodness, they have often confessed and lamented, great defects and small attainments, even in those parts of their characters in which they have excelled the generality of their fellow-Christians. Few men have been more submissive to divine allotments, or more grateful for divine interpositions, than Lieut. B. ; yet, on this very cruise, he seems to include himself with his companions in the following confession : " Though we are always ready to murmur against a God of providence, when his ways seem to thwart our selfish inclinations, we are not so apt to acknowledge his

goodness, when things are brought about to our utmost wishes in an unexpected manner."

On returning once more to Halifax, he says: "This last cruise will prove one of the least advantageous of any we have had on the coast; but I hope I shall ever remember it as one of the most fortunate: it exhibits so many instances of a divine providence displayed in our behalf.—In this frail, imperfect, sinful, state, we may now and then get a glimpse of some of the outlines of that amazing plan by which the God of providence directs and rules over all his creatures. But, to trace all the mysterious, intricate, windings and turnings by which events are brought to pass, is reserved for those only, who, through the blessed Jesus, shall be found worthy to reign with him in another world. Yet even here, the displays of his goodness are so manifest and numerous, that, to the attentive observer, they cannot but afford a continual feast of solid pleasure. What we once thought our greatest misfortune, we now see proves to be our greatest mercy,—

In judging of events, we are all too apt to 'call good evil and evil good:' and this should teach us to leave the issue of every event to the Ruler of the universe, without the least repining; because he certainly cannot err, as we do daily, but must act for his own glory and our good!"

In the course of the next week, they were in the greatest danger of being shipwrecked in Halifax-harbour, by a violent storm, of which Lieutenant B. gives the following account:

"Dec. 14, 1777. Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me praise his holy name, for the speedy and unexpected deliverance he wrought this day, when death, in all its horrors, seemed ready to swallow me up.—When we moored the ship yesterday afternoon, having every thing snug; no foremast, no masts or yards aloft, we imagined ourselves perfectly secure. But how insufficient are all human precautions, when they oppose the ministers of the Almighty's vengeance! We are too apt to dread the approach of danger when it is furthest off, and to think it at a

distance when it is very near. We went to bed in the greatest security; but between three and four this morning, there came on such a violent hurricane, that, before we could well get our clothes on, the ship snapped both her cables in two, like a rotten thread, and drove with amazing velocity, we knew not whither, so that every body was looking out for instant destruction. We struck two men-of-war in our way, carried away the larboard-quarter gallery quite smooth as if it had been cut with a knife, lifted one ship's anchor from the bows to the quarter-deck, shaved off the head of another, and a few minutes after ran ashore on a heavy surf. We began firing guns of distress, and the mizen-mast was ordered to be cut away; but before it received a single stroke of an axe, the violence of the wind snapped it off a foot above the deck; and just as we were expecting every moment that the ship would bilge or go to pieces, it pleased the Almighty to abate the wind; the sea instantly went down; and shores being fixed to keep the ship upright, we lay

quiet till day-break. Then we found we had been driven a mile from our moorings, and had been providentially directed to a spot of sand, close to a ledge of rocks, where, had we touched, the consequence must have been fatal."

The damage sustained by the Milford in this storm, required several weeks to repair. Before those repairs were finished, Lieutenant B. had reason to expect that, immediately on their completion, the ship would be sent home; but he was altogether uncertain whether it would be his lot to return to England in her, or to remain in America.

"Dec. 27. The Milford is ordered home, and we are now fitting her out with the greatest expedition for the purpose: but whether it will please God to send me home in her, is yet very doubtful: as the marines of the ships that went home last year, were taken out just before they sailed. At any rate, if the commodore does not change his mind, this sudden measure must produce a great change in my situation. Nothing that I can possibly conceive

in this life, could give me so much pleasure and satisfaction, as being once more comfortably fixed with my wife and children. But if it be the Lord's will to determine it otherwise, my heart deceives me very much, if, after a few struggles, it does not cheerfully acquiesce in the decree of Providence. Let me go or stay, my whole heart and soul shall cry, The will of the Lord be done."

The same pious spirit dictated the reflections which closed the year.

" Dec. 31. This day finishes a year in which the Almighty has given such numerous displays of his goodness, in the various dispensations of his providence, as call aloud for my most sincere and fervent devotion, gratitude, and praise. In the midst of a gain-saying world, who pride themselves in ridiculing the ways of God to man, let my soul daily meditate, with inward pleasure, on that amazing and infinite wisdom by which the Creator directs and governs the inconceivably numerous concerns of his creatures, for his glory and their good. The wicked, blinded by sin,

cannot discern the smallest link of this chain. It is the peculiar privilege of the humble Christian alone, not only to perceive and mark the dealings of God with men, but likewise, in what more particularly regards himself, to rely on his wisdom and goodness with solid confidence and pious unconcern.—O my soul, solemnly inquire, is this thy case? to give up the whole management of all thy concerns into his hands? Then thou mayest safely pronounce thyself a happy man: for the oracles of truth declare that "blessed are all they that put their trust in him." Afflictions may come; distresses of various kinds follow one after another: but be not dismayed; patiently wait the issue; and they shall prove powerful instruments in the hands of a Redeemer to promote thy real happiness.—Yet a little while, and the whole mystery shall be unravelled, blaspheming men confounded, the ways of God justified, and his humble followers eternally rewarded."

In the same devotional state of mind, Lieut. B. entered upon the next year.

"Jan. 1, 1778. As enabled by the grace of God, I have this day solemnly devoted myself to the service of that Redeemer who gave himself for me; desiring and fully resolving to watch against all those easily besetting sins, which have so often robbed me of that sweet peace and fellowship which the sincere followers of the Lamb enjoy with their Master, even in this imperfect state.—O my soul, consider how abundantly gracious the Lord has been to thee during the past year; and let not the low enjoyments of this life have the pre-eminence in thy affection; but seek, cherish, and improve, all those means by which thy love to God and his ways may daily increase till thou art prepared for the enjoyment of him in Heaven. Amen. Lord, help me."

While he continued in suspense respecting his own destination he says: "Jan. 14. I have been enabled to set apart a day for prayer and supplication at the throne of grace for the following things:—that I may be allowed to go home in the ship:—that we may have a safe and prosperous

passage:—that I may find my wife and children in health, and growing in grace:—that I may find the children of God with whom I am connected, increased in number, loving Christ and one another, and blessed with every grace of the Holy Spirit:—and that when I join them I may be more zealous for God, more holy, more humble, and more circumspect than ever. These petitions and many more, I humbly trust, for Christ's sake, have this day been heard."

The first petition was soon granted; and on the twenty-seventh of January Lieut. B. had the pleasure of sailing from Halifax. When they were more than half way across the Atlantic, they were assailed by a storm, which, for two days, seemed to menace them with instant death; the deliverance from which he numbers amongst his most signal mercies. "Never let my soul forget how my heart failed me, my limbs shook with fear, and every moment threatened instant destruction; that when I cried to the God of Heaven, though he delayed for a time, yet at last he graciously heard.

May my children after me, attentively mark this in the day of their trouble, and say: Our father cried to God in the midst of his distress, and was heard: we will likewise approach the mercy-seat and there make all our wants known; for God is full of compassion, and will surely bless the seeking soul."

After a passage of twenty days from Halifax, the Milford was safely anchored at Spithead. It soon became matter of universal astonishment that she had escaped foundering; for when the bottom was examined, the main keel was found to be broken in two.

On the twenty-eighth of February, Lieut. B. says: "This afternoon, by the blessing of God, I arrived safe at home, to the great joy of my family, all of whom I found in tolerable health. I would now pour out my soul in gratitude to that indulgent Father, who for above these two years past hath so amazingly preserved me. When I look back upon the path I have travelled, there is a redundancy of love and mercy attending every step. O Lord! I adore and

bless thee; and from the bottom of my soul desire to be wholly thine."

The happiness which Lieutenant B. enjoyed in the bosom of his family and the society of his friends, was not to continue long uninterrupted. At the end of ten weeks, he was ordered on the recruiting service. In this service he spent above six months, principally at Bristol; returning to head-quarters with recruits, and so having the opportunity of seeing his family two or three times during that period.

From this part of the journal, we cannot forbear transcribing an incidental attestation to the practical efficacy of a doctrine, which its rejectors have stigmatised as "relaxing the obligations of virtue;" we mean the doctrine of atonement for sin by the death of Christ.

"Yesterday morning I had some glances of the preciousness of Jesus and his great salvation, and in the evening Mr. ——— preached an excellent sermon, which filled me with holy ardour to know and enjoy more and more of that glorious subject. O how the truths of the gospel, when preached

in their purity, lead the soul to pant after holiness! I will leave this testimony behind me; that I never wished nor wrestled half so much to be holy, as when I saw my sins wholly done away in Christ."

On being called in from recruiting, he says: "I am not a little pleased this disagreeable service is over for the present; though it is not at all improbable that I may very soon be engaged in it again. In that case I shall not be so much at a loss how to act, as I have been lately: but, upon the whole, I have reason to be thankful, I have lost nothing by it; and, I trust, during my stay at Bristol, I have gained no small share of comfortable Christian experience."

The last month of this year Lieut. B. remained at Chatham. He entered on the year 1779 with the prospect of being soon ordered on more active service, and with sentiments suitable to such an expectation.

"Jan. 1, 1779. I can truly say with the royal psalmist, The Lord crowneth the year with his goodness; or I had never liver lived to see the beginning of this day.

What trials, dangers, and temptations, await me this year, the great Ruler of all only knows. Were I to judge according to outward appearances, I might tremble at the prospect of what I am likely to go through. But the Lord reigneth, and hath the management of all my concerns in his own hands; so that I have only to wait, in the means of faith and prayer, to receive the blessing. At present I bless his name that, contrary to all I could have expected, but in answer to fervent prayer, I enjoy the happiness of being with my family: but I am every day looking out for a remove somewhere else. In the present critical and alarming state of the nation, I would not be an idle spectator; and though I have all the horrors of war before me, yet I am confident, the same God who preserved me during the last two or three years in America, can preserve me any where else, and in him alone I put my trust. I hope I can say, I this evening tasted a little of his love, as a happy earnest that he will never leave me nor forsake me."

Some time in this month Mr. B. was appointed Captain-Lieutenant; and, soon after, he was again ordered on sea-duty.

"Feb. 2. This forenoon I received an order to repair immediately to Portsmouth on board the Eagle. This dispensation of Providence did not affect me much at first, being fully convinced I could not be much longer ashore; and I thought it rather favourable to be sent no further than Portsmouth; but towards evening, having received certain accounts that the ship was going immediately to India, I could hardly bear the melancholy idea of so long a separation from all that is dear to me in the world. But looking up to that compassionate God who protected me in America, I comforted myself with the hope that, unworthy as I am, he would bless me in the East Indies, and in his own good time bring me back again. Now I experimentally know the great and inestimable advantage of having been taught to confide in God. May his grace be sufficient for me."

After a few days spent in preparation

aptain B. took leave of
elings more easily con-
ed. "Dreadful morn-
, "I cannot describe it.
those who have such an affectionate wife and such engaging pledges of the purest love, may guess what I sufferd when obliged to leave them." He lost no time in proceeding to Portsmouth; and in less than a fortnight from the date of the order, he entered upon duty on board the Eagle.

While the vessel lay at Spithead, there was some probability of Captain B. being relieved by another officer; and he was encouraged to write both to the General and to the Admiralty with the hope of accomplishing this object. But, though his application was granted by the General, he failed of obtaining his wish; for the captain who was ordered to replace him, took care not to arrive at Portsmouth in time.

Captain B. viewed this disappointment as the direction of him who governs all mortal things, and manages even the minutest affairs with a special regard to the

good of those who serve him and trust in his mercy. "Now," says he, the day before they sailed, "I have given up every hope of being relieved from this India voyage; and I trust the Lord will ere long make me to see it was good for me I had not my own will."

Here we have felt an inclination to introduce, as a specimen of Captain B.'s journals, the whole of his journal of this voyage; but, lest its length and minuteness of detail should be tedious to the reader, we shall content ourselves with giving a copious abstract, by transcribing a series of passages, which will include all the principal circumstances attending him, and will also exhibit a faithful picture of the state of his mind during this and the following year.

The fidelity to which we have pledged ourselves, and which a sense of duty imperiously demands, obliges us to bring forward some extracts which perhaps may not be received with universal approbation. Some readers may entertain an opinion that we ought to have suppressed all Cap-

tain B.'s confessions, complaints, and lamentations, respecting his own infirmities and sins, the evils of his heart, his little improvement under divine discipline, the weakness of his faith in the Redeemer, and the languor of his zeal in the cause of God.

We would request such persons to consider,—that our business is, to represent the actions and feelings of real life, not the visionary creations of romance;—that absolute perfection has never existed in any human character;—that the brief accounts of holy men, contained in the Scriptures, comprise both excellencies and defects;—that the the most pious in all ages have made similar confessions and complaints of that internal opposition of natural depravity against the principle of grace, which the language of inspiration designates as "the flesh lusting against the spirit;"—and that one in particular, whose attainments in piety there is no reason to believe have ever been surpassed by any of the servants of God or disciples of Christ,—while he was enabled to say, "I

delight in the law of God after the inward man," was at the same time constrained to add, "but I see another law in my members warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin."

It must likewise be remembered, that these confessions and complaints relate not to a practical course of open transgression, but chiefly to those obliquities of heart, and that want of complete conformity to the divine law which are unobserved and unsuspected by the world at large, and of which the true Christian himself is alone conscious.

Nor will these statements authorize a conclusion that religion is destructive of happiness. The present world, even to good men, affords no scenes of unmixed enjoyment: *they* are reserved for a state purified from all sin. But though the subject of this internal warfare finds it a source of pain and sadness, it is a pain attendant with pleasure; it is "a sadness by which the heart is made better." The most afflicted of Christians would disdain to

exchange
Those heart-ennobling sorrows, for the lot
Of him who sits amid the gaudy herd
Of mute barbarians bending to his nod,
And bears aloft his gold-invested front,
And says within himself,—I am a king,
And wherefore should the clam'rous voice of woe
Intrude upon mine ear?

Though he mourns that "the flesh lusteth against the spirit," he rejoices that "the spirit lusteth against the flesh." While it is admitted that his "heart knoweth its own bitterness," it may also be affirmed that "a stranger intermeddleth not with his joy."

A keen and growing sensibility to every appearance of evil, a conviction of his weakness and inability to withstand the temptations which assail him, the humility of mind produced by this consciousness of insufficiency, the circumspection promoted by an abiding sense of moral danger, the constant application he is impelled to make to the Father of spirits for the grace that he needs, an application which he never makes in vain; all contributes to the formation and progress of the Christian cha-

racter, which, with all the imperfections adhering to it in the present life, entitles its possessor to be denominated righteous, and justifies the assertion of Solomon, that "the righteous is more excellent than his "neighbour."

Among the readers of these volumes there may probably be some, by whom our remarks, as well as many passages of Captain B.'s journals, will be derided as the reveries of *enthusiasm*. But if the term *enthusiasm* be used to denote any thing worse than an ardent devotion of soul towards an object or pursuit worthy of the energies it excites;—if it signifies an attention to any object beyond what its importance demands, and a culpable neglect of that which deserves supreme attention;—we will venture to inquire, which is the *enthusiast?*—the Christian, who seeks the favour of God and the salvation of Christ as the chief good, and treats the interests of time as inferior to those of eternity?—or the man who, regardless alike of the calculations of reason and the warning of revelation, wastes all his energies on a life that

will soon expire, and makes no preparation for a state which will never end? Leaving the charge of enthusiasm to recoil upon its authors, we proceed with the journal.

"March 7, 1779. This morning the whole East-India fleet, under the command of Sir Edward Hughes, got under sail with a fair wind.—Now, my soul, look back, and see how the Lord has defeated all my efforts, and every hope of being delivered from this long voyage, and say without murmuring, His sovereign will be done. Grant that with all humility and patience I may ever submit to what thou ordainest; and while through thy grace I shall be enabled to trace thy footsteps in the various dispensations of thy providence, may I every day have fresh cause to cry out, Good is the Lord, just and righteous are all his ways."

"March 12. These four days I have suffered not a little from sea-sickness. O that it might be useful to me, as the happy means of leading me nearer to God, and reminding me that ere long I must put off this mortal frame, and launch into eternity.

Blessed Jesus! thou didst die for sinners: my hope is fixed alone on thee. O prepare me for the destined hour, come when it will, at sea or on shore, in India or in England; that when I go hence I may rejoice in the sure and certain hope of immortality.

23. To-day I had just time to seize a favourable opportunity of writing to one far dearer to me than life itself. May the blessing of Heaven ever remain with her and the dear pledges of our mutual love. The thought of a long separation from them still lies heavy on my mind, though I bless God I am more reconciled to it than I was at first: I am every day more and more convinced it is the Lord's will it should be so; and my whole dependence is on him.

24. Since I have been in this ship, many concurring circumstances, several trials, and the prospect of a long voyage, have forced me as it were to let go my eager grasp of every worldly enjoyment: and if I am not deceived, I have been hereby led to look more steadfastly to

Heaven, and to pray earnestly that my heart may be set on things above, which will never cloy, and of which I can never be deprived, if, through Christ, I can once lay a solid claim to them. To-day I began to exhort the party of marines under my direction in this ship, by speaking to one at a time in my cabin: a duty that has lain much upon my mind, but which I am sure I shall never be able rightly to perform without assistance from above: for so timid is my natural disposition, that I blush and tremble when called to speak before a fellow-mortal of that Jesus who suffered so much for me. Gracious God! deliver me from this cowardice.

26. I endeavoured to set apart this day for a serious examination into the state of my soul as a Christian. But I know not how it comes to pass, I cannot command my attention to this important subject for ten minutes together; the task seems irksome, and a kind of gloom has overspread me as it were during the whole day. It did not use to be so. Time was, when I knew what it was to enjoy much of the

presence of God in these holy exercises. But now, alas! I am too much a stranger to such heavenly joys, and, I fear, too contented under the loss of them. Lord Jesus! make me more earnest in the pursuit of that glorious crown which thou hast purchased at so dear a rate for all thy followers. Preserved by thy grace in thy fear and love to this moment, I believe that I am thine. Blessed Saviour! bring me nearer to thyself by the operation of thy Spirit, that I may not be left to doubt of my interest in thee.

April 5. Arrived safe in Funchal-road, in the island of Madeira. To all appearance, the equinoctial gales set in two or three hours after. What a pity it is that hardly a soul takes any notice of God's providential care!

21. The admiral having given orders to the fleet to prepare for sailing, I this morning took leave of the shore and the town of Funchal: happy in recollecting that I was born a Briton, and not a Portuguese; a Protestant, and not a Roman-catholic; a freeman, and not a slave. What

filth, ignorance, and superstition, have I been witness to for some days past! What a pleasing, fertile spot might this island be made, if there were not such swarms of ecclesiastical locusts, priests, friars, and nuns, who eat up the fat of the land, and do nothing towards cultivating it.—There are at least sixty thousand inhabitants in Madeira; but the greatest part live in what an Englishman would call a state of poverty. The clergy, noblesse, and principal merchants, fare sumptuously; while the rest starve, and are slaves. If it were possible to make the stump of an old rotten tree walk, you could hardly distinguish it from a Portuguese peasant. The bloom of health I have not seen on any face, male or female, in all the island. The better sort who are screened from the sun, look as if they were just recovered from a fit of sickness; and the lower class seem burnt and shrivelled to a cinder.—Surely old England is the best of climates still, and its inhabitants the happiest of people, if they did but know it.

May 1. The admiral made the signal to speak with our captain. When he re-

turned the budget was opened. Before we proceed to India, we are going to attack Goree. The Eagle is to cover the bombs. The troops are ordered to hold themselves in readiness to disembark; among whom are sixty marines from this ship: and every other necessary preparation is making for a vigorous descent. What the issue will be, God only knows. I desire to look only to him for help and protection, while lawfully engaged in that to which his providence hath called me. I am persuaded no evil shall befal me without his permission. I desire to go to battle in his name; and in his name I hope to conquer.

2. The warlike preparations going on through the fleet have led me into a serious train of thinking, too complicated and confused to commit to writing with the accuracy I could wish. When Death stands before me with all his terrors, the importance of a final change strikes me with such awe, that I cannot forbear sighing this mental prayer: Lord, give me the full assurance of faith, ere it takes place! But when I reflect how many great and wonder-

ful things God hath graciously done for me, and that it was by his appointment I came thus far, I cry out, Lord, do as seemeth good in thy sight! This happy frame has lasted but a little while, when I begin to think of my wife and children; I am well assured the Lord will take care of them, if I should fall in battle. But they are so dear to me, it is worse than ten thousand deaths to be torn from them. While this racks my mind, and faith is struggling, I find a kind of settled peace in casting myself, unreservedly, as a poor sinner, into the arms of a compassionate Saviour. Under his wings I desire boldly to face the enemy: and if he has ordained my fall, I hope, though deserving of hell, yet through rich grace to be with him in glory. This is all my trust! surely I cannot be disappointed.

8. This morning we made Cape de Verd, and found we were only two hours' sail from Goree. This threw us into a little confusion, having many things to get ready before we could engage. But every body being active and eager to begin, the

ship was soon cleared, last wills and testaments were signed, and the instruments of death all prepared for immediate use. At this scene nature seemed to shudder. My mind was somewhat agitated at the prospect of what was likely to ensue; and I longed to begin the action, that it might be the sooner over. I had no place to retire to in the ship, for every cabin was knocked down; but my heart kept up a constant intercourse with Heaven, and begged earnestly for protection and victory from thence. At two in the afternoon, we anchored before the batteries, and to our great surprise found the island evacuated by the French, who had left it in the possession of the black inhabitants; the principal of whom came off to the admiral to acknowledge their subjection to the king of England. It seems the French had been apprised of our design, and knowing the place not to be tenable against a large force, had wisely determined to abandon it. Ever since the month of February they have been transporting the guns, stores, and provisions, to Senegal, which

they then took from us; and only two small pieces were left on the citadel; so that a sloop of war might have taken the place which we this morning thought so formidable.—Glory to God, that matters have turned out so very favourably for us! Little did we think that this would be the case. But he in whom I ever desire to trust, has always been better to me than all my fears: and from this renewed instance of his goodness, I would draw a fresh argument for gratitude and praise, and for banishing all future doubts of his protecting care.

11. Yesterday I went ashore, and took a walk round the once formidable island of Goree—a barren spot, about two miles in circumference, inhabited by about a thousand blacks and mulattos—very healthy, considering the latitude it lies in; and of great importance to any nation trading on the coast, on account of its situation and the commodious roadstead near it. The negro town, with respect to decency and cleanliness, is far superior to Funchal in Madeira; and the inhabitants, though almost naked, much more civilized.

I stopped, with another gentleman, in one of their houses for near an hour: there were three black women who conversed with us in French all the time, and discovered as much good sense and good breeding as is to be met with in the first houses among the gentry in England.—What a pity that this vast continent knows hardly any thing at all of the gospel!

12. Sailed with a fair wind for the Cape of Good Hope.

23. When I think on the great distance I am now removed from my native country; the long time I am likely to be separated from a beloved wife and the tender pledges of our affection, from the people of God and the ordinances of his house; and the great uncertainty of my ever beholding them more; I am hardly able to bear up under the melancholy reflection: though I entertain a secret hope, as well as fervent wish, that the Lord will restore me to the company of those who are so dear to me. But if he has otherwise determined, may I have grace to submit to his blessed will.—I remember, some months ago, when I clearly

saw the gracious manifestations of his providence in my behalf, and enjoyed something of his comforting presence in my soul, I mentioned, in a company of Christians at Bristol, that I found myself resigned to leave father, mother, wife, and children, and ready to travel to the furthermost parts of the earth, if God should call me thither. I am indeed punished for my presumption. Little did I think the Lord would so soon take me at my word. It is a severe trial: yet, blessed be God, I receive strength sufficient to go through it. The Lord ever keep me humble.

26. This morning we caught a kind of sea-monster, called a devil-fish, of such an enormous size that it required the main-yard tackle to get him in. But, ugly as he was, the ship's company made a good meal on him. Any thing that is fresh will be welcome to a sailor on a long voyage.

29. On the 27th, in the evening, I was taken very ill, and continued so all that night and the next day, with every prospect of having a severe fit of sickness: but it pleased the Lord to rebuke the disorder,

and this morning I enjoy my wonted state of health. I desire to mark it down as a special instance of his goodness; just shewing me how liable I was to be carried off by the distempers of this infected climate, but that they were not permitted to injure me. O that my whole life were devoted to his praise. Never can I be sufficiently thankful for what he hath done for me.

June 2. In the course of my Christian experience, I have frequently remarked, that after having made sincere resolutions against such and such evils with the greatest care; I have, notwithstanding, the same day been insensibly drawn aside from the path of duty, led on by degrees into the snare of the enemy, and at last involved in deeper guilt than before. I have just had a striking example of this, which I wish to retain as a profitable memento for my future conduct.—Yesterday morning I was resolving, through divine assistance, to watch against all unruly passion, anger, and hasty words, when in conversation with my messmates; and to learn to be meek,

lowly, and forbearing, with every body. I had not to complain of any glaring violation of this resolution through the day. But after I went to bed, the captain, having spent the evening in the wardroom with two or three more, became intoxicated, and about eleven o'clock fell into a dispute with the lieutenant of marines. Their noise kept me awake. I was grieved to find my brother-officer, a harmless inoffensive lad, very ill used. However, I still lay quiet. But the captain, at last, without the smallest provocation, giving him several blows, I could bear it no longer: my blood boiled, I rose hastily, and was in a violent passion indeed. The Lord forgive me. What a poor frail creature I am, with all my resolutions. I sometimes think I ought never to make any: and yet, as a means, with a firm reliance on divine grace alone, they may prove beneficial in promoting watchfulness. Lord! make me more watchful every day, that I may not thus fall into temptation.

6. This is Sunday. O how barren and unprofitable are these solemn days to me now! No house of God to go to! No

listening to the sweet sound of the gospel! No mingling in the hymn of praise with God's people! Not a single person with whom I can spend an hour in serious conversation! and, what is worst of all, a barrenness of soul, that makes solitude a burden: To fly from it is to go among blasphemers. The Lord give me a keener relish for his blessed word, and more communion with himself.

10. To-day we had a fine fresh gale of the south-east trade wind; which seems peculiarly fatal to those persecuted creatures, the flying-fish. I have frequently observed, when it rains or the sea is a little ruffled, they are pursued with uncommon voracity by the bonettas, albicores, and dolphins. They sometimes rise in shoals, like a flock of linnets out of a bush, and fly twenty or thirty yards, and sometimes further, to avoid the devouring jaws of their pursuers, who frequently give a spring out of the water, and catch the trembling victims in the air if they do not fly high enough. We lately examined one that flew over the hammocks on the weather gangway. It was about eight inches long; in shape

something like a small whiting, but rather more taper, with scales like a herring, and of the same colour; having two wings formed like those of a fly, very thin and transparent, with which it skims swiftly in the air, directing its course always before the wind. I have seen this devoted fish closely attacked by enemies in both elements: a cruel bonetta eagerly springing after it in the water, and a hungry gull hovering in the air, ready to seize it the instant it should take to its wings: and seldom or never is it so happy as to escape both.

22. This morning we saw the islands of Trinidada and Martin-vaz, and in the afternoon ran through with the fleet between them. They are about nine leagues apart. Trinidada is about five miles long, very rugged and rocky, and uninhabited. Martin-vaz is nothing but a rock, to all appearance inaccessible, about a mile in circumference, with three or four smaller rocks at a little distance from it. Barren as these islands are, hardly sufficient to maintain wild goats and sea-gulls, they,

nevertheless, afforded a pleasing sight to us who have been so long poring upon nothing but salt water.

27. Having nothing material around me to notice, I could wish, on this still evening, to take a peep within and see what has been passing there. What has been the daily and principal bent of my thoughts lately? I humbly trust, an earnest desire to live to the glory of God. But, alas! not a day has passed over my head, but I have experienced keen remorse for having done what I ought not to have done, and for having left undone what it was my duty to perform. The more I reflect upon my conduct as a Christian, the greater reason I see for crying out, God be merciful to me a sinner.—I have no doubt of the authenticity of the sacred records; and I am hourly more and more convinced of the absolute necessity of such a Saviour as is offered in the gospel: yet I cannot get my heart to love the dear Redeemer as I ought, or as I think his real followers do. This brings a heavy cloud over my mind. At the same time, I see such numberless in-

stances of his distinguishing favour, that I dare not disbelieve or doubt of his love towards me. Yet I in no respect act up to the character of which I humbly hope, through grace, I am possessed; and I am far from enjoying that solid, settled peace which I know is the happy privilege of every child of God. Blessed Jesus! remove every stumbling-block out of the way.

July 23. I desire to bless God, that during the last three weeks I have enjoyed a more fixed peace of mind than I remember to have experienced for many years past. The truths of the gospel have shone with fresh lustre, and I have tasted some sweet moments of communion with him that made me: and where this has been interrupted, sin, that bitter evil, has been the occasion. Blessed Jesus! give me strength to watch against it, and grace to love thee more.

July 31. Yesterday we had some hope that we should weather the Cape of Good Hope before night: to-day we have none at all. This morning we found the main top-mast sprung.

August 1. This morning, as an addition to what we call misfortunes, we found the fore-topmast sprung, and are now by no means in a condition to carry sail.—We have fine settled weather at present; but we dread being driven out to sea by some severe storm at this season of the year; it being now the depth of winter in this part of the globe.

3. By the blessing of God, we this evening came to an anchor at the entrance of Simon's bay; overjoyed at having escaped all the dangers we were in dread of while hovering near the Cape.

14. To-day the Lord, in a remarkable manner, heard my prayer, and gave me a complete victory over one of my brother officers, who has long been my enemy, and who, in attempting to asperse my character, exposed his own to universal censure; and was this morning obliged to make a public apology for his behaviour. I hope the Lord gave me grace to forgive him from the bottom of my heart, and to receive him for the future with every mark of brotherly affection. O my God! make me truly thankful for this favour.

22. Since our arrival here we have had several very severe gales of wind; particularly last night, when some ships drove, and others let go their sheet anchors, even in this commodious harbour. What a loud call for thankfulness to God, who has brought us through such a vast tract of sea, and not suffered any storm like this to come near us till we were moored in safety.

24. We are soon to go from hence to Table-bay. I believe none of us will much regret leaving this place. It is nothing but a mass of sand, surrounded with very high mountains; with about half a dozen houses a little way from the beach, and a long row of buildings containing all kinds of stores; which the Dutch have erected for the use of the shipping which resort here in the winter months, Simon's bay being a much better harbour than that on the other side of the cape. The reason the Dutch do not settle here in preference, seems very obvious; the soil is not worth cultivating, when compared with the vast tracts of rich ground on this delightful

continent; and the bay, though the best of harbours, has this inconvenience—that in summer you cannot easily get a wind to put to sea with.—During our stay here, my excursions ashore have been generally along the beach; where I amuse myself in picking up the various kinds of shells thrown there by the tide, and indulge the pleasing idea of one day presenting these trifles to my little ones. Sometimes I ascend the high mountains, and endeavour to collect all my thoughts in contemplating the Being who formed them. But the objects around me are so striking, the shrubbery so captivating, and my mind so prone to wander, that, ere I am aware, I lose sight of the glorious Author, and grovel in contemplating the creatures, without considering from whose hand they came. O what a rich treasure is a heavenly mind!

Table-bay, September 15. It has blown hard for some days in this open roadstead, and we have parted a cable twice; but, contrary to what every body would imagine, it was not when it blew hardest, during a dark moonless night, but when it was

moderate, and on two different mornings, soon after sun-rise, when we had light and time to grapple for the cable, and to splice it, without letting go another anchor: and no sooner was this disagreeable job over than it began to blow again, as if the wind had been withheld till the Eagle was once more moored in safety. We are seldom left a day without some mark of the Lord's care over us; if we had but spiritual eyes to discern his mercies, and gratitude to acknowledge them.

21. Went ashore to stay a few days, and to inform myself relative to this corner of the world.

27. The part of Africa possessed by the Dutch, commonly called the Cape of Good Hope, and containing a space much larger than Great Britain, is, in my opinion, one of the most desirable countries in the universe. The climate is temperate and healthy, and the soil amazingly fertile, with every thing its inhabitants wish to have, corn, wine, and cattle, with all manner of fruit, in the greatest abundance and perfection. As they cannot consume the tenth

of what they raise, they receive with a hearty welcome ships of all nations to and from India; taking care to make them pay double for every thing they sell: and yet, notwithstanding, provisions are very reasonable, mutton at three halfpence or two pence a pound; beef and veal in proportion. The sea also contributes towards the plenty. At one haul of the scan we caught a hundred and fifty-one large fish, weighing near three thousand pounds, which served the ship's company two days. The mullet are very fine, and the craw-fish without number, some as big as our biggest lobsters for a penny. They have a winter here which some, who know no better, think a severe one, but which a northern European would accept of as a very good summer. They hardly know what frost is; and snow they only see at a distance on the tops of the highest mountains. Cabbages, cauliflowers, pease, asparagus, and other vegetables which we raise with the greatest labour in summer, they have in the greatest plenty all the year round. Lemons, oranges, pears, nectarines, peaches, all grow in the

same orchard; not against sunny walls, where we nurse them, but most of them on large standards, requiring no more attendance than a common apple orchard in England. The small of the orange flower, and their hedges, which are mostly of myrtle, perfume the air so delightfully, that a morning or evening walk in them is one of the finest treats in the world. The wine, which they make in great quantities, is in general excellent, particularly that of Constantia, about twelve miles from Cape Town, where I went purposely to see the vineyards and taste the wine in its purity; and I must own I never tasted any thing so delicious. In all this tract of country there is only the town at the Cape of any note, and that is allowed to be a very handsome one; the streets large and straight, but not paved, and the houses neat and clean and as elegant as Dutch taste can make them. The town stands at the foot of the mountain called Table-Land, which is the most striking object about the place, being of an amazing height, and, unlike other hills, perfectly flat at top, having the appearance

of a table about two miles long and half a mile broad: when a cloud covers it, they call it *laying the cloth;* and look for nothing but dirty weather till the table is uncovered again. There are two other hills, one at each end of it. That called the Sugar-loaf is the reverse of Table-Land, being so pointed and steep at top that you must use ladders to get up: a flag is hoisted there when ships are seen in the offing. Among the inhabitants are a great number of slaves of all complexions: the white people are, as they generally are where slavery is admitted, of an indolent disposition, and do nothing but eat, drink, and sleep. Their religion is Dutch Calvinism; but I fear they are, in general, strangers to true, vital Christianity. I may, however, be mistaken; God only knows the heart. Their behaviour at church seemed decent and serious. The minister preached above an hour, extempore, with great warmth and fluency: how far his doctrine was sound, I cannot tell; the only word I understood was the name of the blessed Saviour, Jesus Christ, which he often repeated. They are

coming into church an hour before the service begins; and the women, who compose more than two-thirds of the congregation, are attended, each by two slaves; one, carrying an umbrella, sees them to the door, and the other enters behind them, carrying a fine gilt Bible, wrapped in a napkin. In charity we ought to suppose they have another for common use at home; for of many hundreds I saw at church, they all looked as if they had never been used before. But what makes me think they have little true religion, is their abuse of the Sunday: the instant they leave the church they play, sing, dance, and game, and have no idea of keeping the Sabbath holy. Yet there may be many among them who mourn in secret for the sins of the multitude; and them God will bless.

October 21. This morning at dawn of day, I set off with some of my messmates for the top of Table-Land, where we arrived in about two hours and a half, with no little difficulty; having been obliged in many places to make use of both hands and feet, the ascent was so steep. But when we arrived at the extended plain on the top, the

view from thence fully compensated us for all our trouble. I never in my life saw any thing so noble and awful. We were elevated, not only above our fellow-mortals, but likewise above the clouds, which rolled in massy volumes far beneath us.

29. I endeavoured to set apart this day for a serious examination into my state as a professing Christian, and to solicit a throne of grace for protection in India. And though I enjoyed not that delightful intercourse with Heaven, with which I have sometimes been blessed, yet I think I experienced such a settled confidence in devoting myself wholly to God, that I now seem as intrenched in a fortress where no enemy can harm me. Methinks I could likewise say to-day with St. Peter, Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee. O make me more zealous for thee, and let not my corrupt heart ever think of making a truce with the wickedness that surrounds me on every side. Alas! Lord, I have been too backward in standing up for thee; or the men of the world would hate me more than they do.

November 1. Early in the morning, a

schooner under French colours, from the Mauritius, was chased and fired at by the Nymph sloop; but, before the Nymph could get near her, escaped under the protection of the Dutch fort, to the great disgrace of the English flag; the shore being lined with people looking at the chase; and six English men-of-war doing nothing, either of which might have hindered her from escaping. But bad as this was, something much worse followed. About noon, a French snow made her appearance, and the Nymph chased her till she was within gun-shot, coming up fast, and the afternoon before her. But just as we expected to see the Frenchman taken, the admiral recalled the Nymph. The Nymph made signal to the Admiral, that she could take the chase; and continued to pursue her. But the admiral, repeating his signal, obliged the Nymph to return, and let the Frenchman escape.—Such conduct in anEnglish sea officer, I believe, was never before heard of. He has now let four French vessels escape, which an active officer would have taken, and thereby greatly

distressed our enemies at the Mauritius; each of those vessels having large sums of money on board, to purchase provisions for the garrison on that island.

4. The signal was made for getting under way, and the whole fleet got safe out to sea before dark. May the blessing of the Lord go with us.

December 16. O for a heart overwhelmed in gratitude to the Lord, my Maker and Redeemer, who hath once more delivered me from the jaws of death. It has been his gracious will to afflict me with a severe fit of sickness. I was forced to take to my bed, and trembled at the dreadful strides I thought the king of terrors was making towards me. But the Lord heard my cry, supported me from his blessed word, which I was now and then able to peep into, and I am now a great deal better. I trust he hath blessed the means used for my recovery, and I hope this affliction will be so sanctified to me as to prove a rich treasure for many months to come.

January 1, 1780. Off the north-west end of Sumatra. About the beginning of

last year I could not forbear viewing it as a period which I should not pass through without an unusual share of trouble and distress. Experience has shewn I was not far out in my conjectures. But it is past; and thanks be to that kind hand which, surmounting every difficulty, hath safely brought me thus far. What may be in store for me during the year I am now entered upon, the same gracious Protector only knows. Into thy hands, O blessed Jesus! I desire this day solemnly to resign myself, without the least reserve whatever. Keep me in India, bring me home; health or sickness; life or death; still my heart would say, Thy will be done.

Thus did this excellent man, as he sailed from place to place in his voyage, and, as will be further seen, through the whole of his life, mark the appearances around him, and sketch the characters and practices of the inhabitants of the different parts of the world he visited; yet, evidently so as not to neglect tracing with equal fidelity, and generally with greater minuteness, what was passing *within*. He was, during the

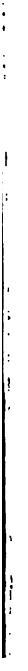
whole of his existence on earth, a sedulous self-observer: and he was too frank and honest to disguise either his feelings or his opinions of himself, however unfavourable they might be. In consequence of this practice and the effect of [illegible]thly adhesions, the moral picture is extre[illegible]ly diversified, and sometimes deeply shaded: yet it is not therefore the less instructive. None who has contemplated the scenes of nature, expects to find the surface of the earth uniformly smooth, or the sun constantly shining: none who explores the fields of intellect expects to find the man of wit always vivacious and sparkling, or the man of genius always soaring above the reach of ordinary mortals: nor must a thoughtful observer expect to find the man of piety always serene and cheerful, or always free from the influence of secular concerns. This is to all a state of mutability, and is thence the better fitted for a state of discipline. Our situations vary, our characters vary; but it is the privilege of the Christian that all the mutations in his character and his circumstances, tend to the perfection and

"freedom of the sons of God." "As all natural bodies are mixed (says good Bishop Hall), so must all our moral dispositions. No simple passion doth well. If our joy be not alloyed with sorrow it is madness: and if our sorrow be not tempered with some mixture of joy, it is hellish and desperate. If, in earthly things, we hope without all doubt, or fear without all hope, we offend on both sides: if we labour without all recreation, we grow dull and heartless; if we sport ourselves without all labour, we grow wild and unprofitable. I care not how simple my *heavenly* affections are, which the more free they are from composition are the nearer to God; nor how compounded my *earthly*, which are subject to extremities. If joy come alone I will ask him for his fellow; and evermore, in spite of him, couple him with his contrary: that so, while each are enemies to other, both may be friends to me."

END OF VOL. I.

Printed by W. CLOWES, Northumberland-court, Strand.

[redacted]



AUG 12 1940